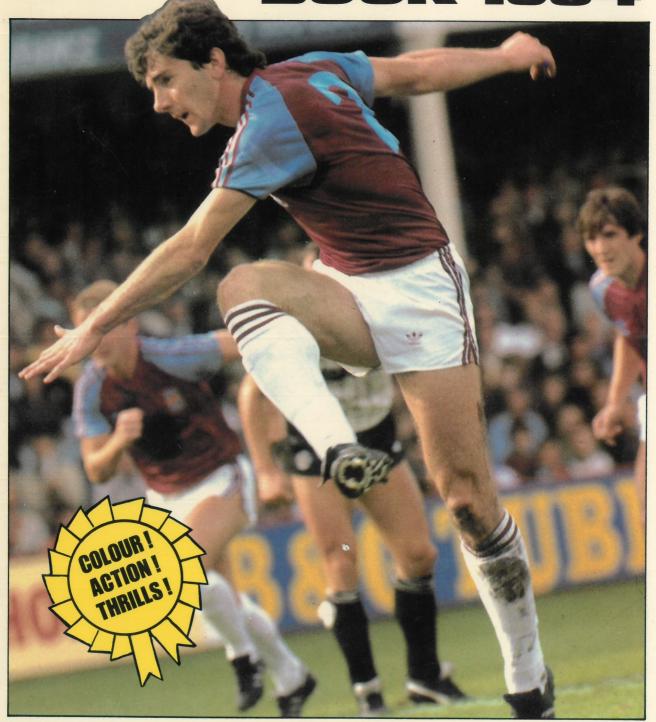
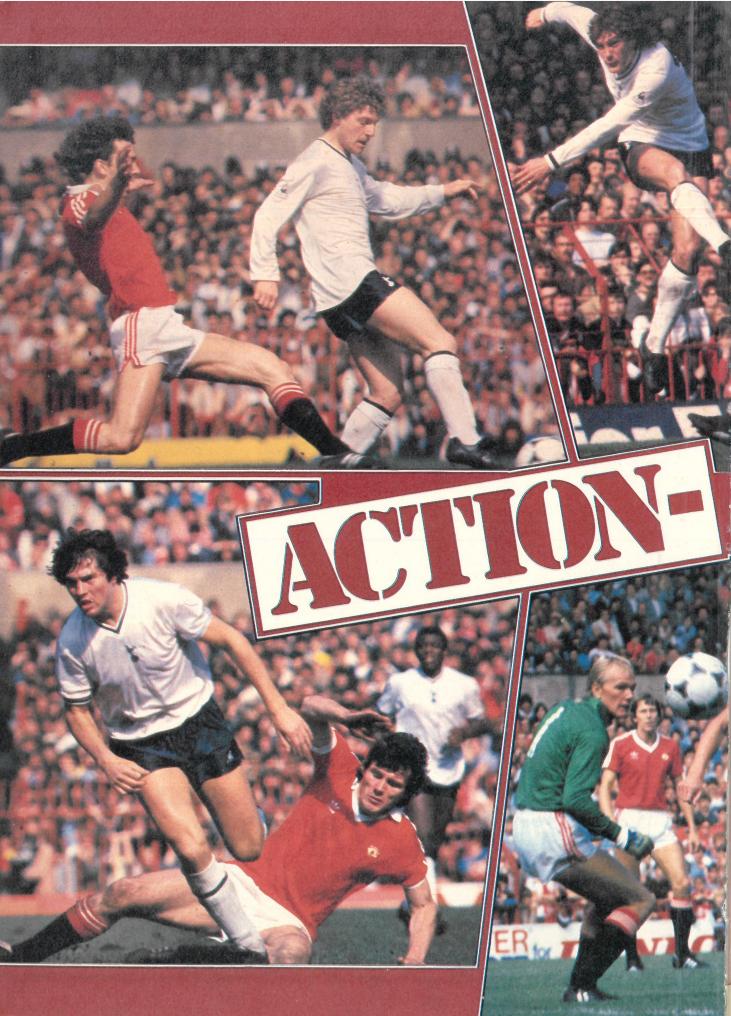
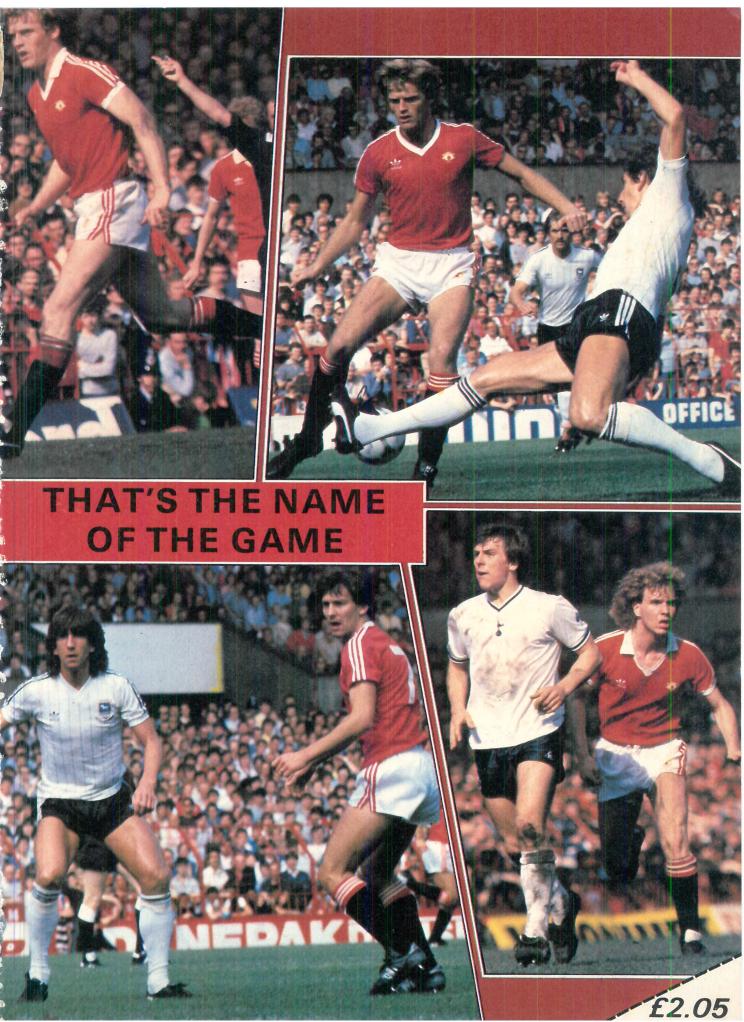
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**BOOK 1984** 



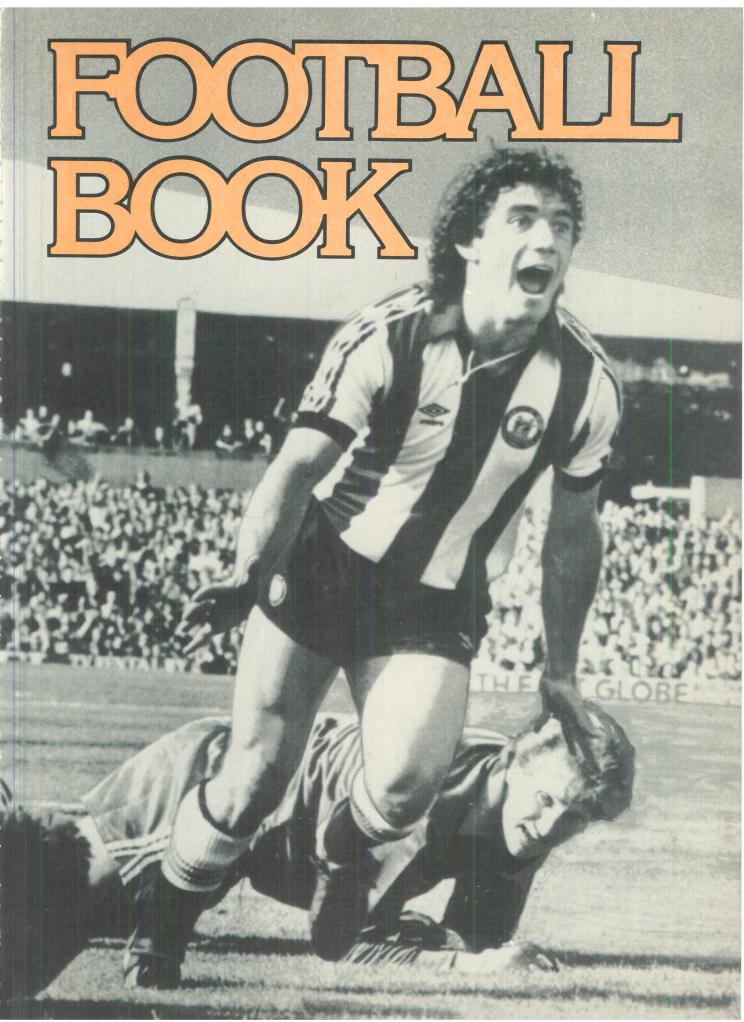




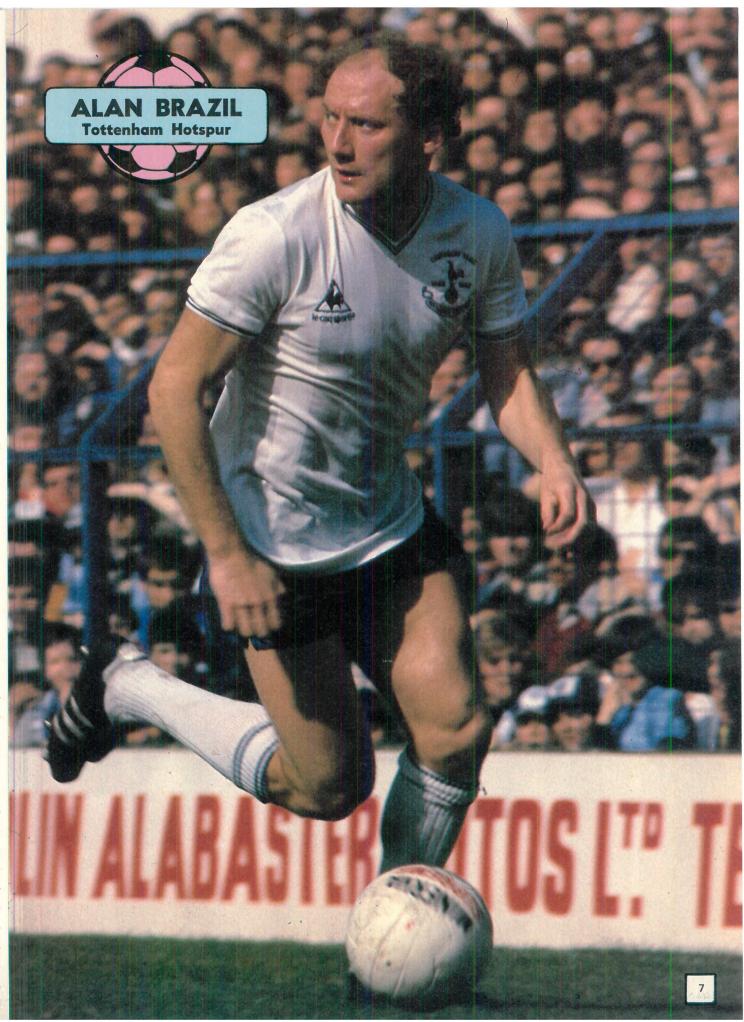
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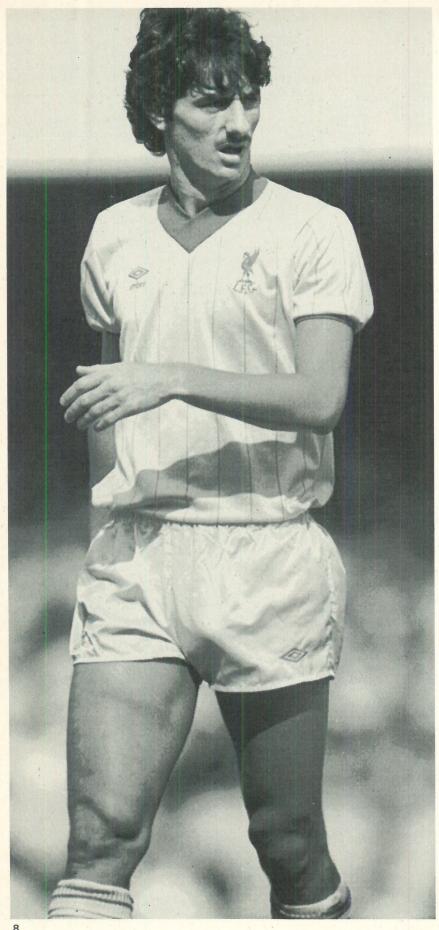
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# THE TIMES









Rush's collection honours after just two seasons in the Liverpool team would turn green with envy blokes who have been in the game 15 years.

Already in the trophy cabinet are two League Championship medals, two Milk Cup winning gongs and a growing haul of Welsh international caps.

His first three visits to Wembley each produced a goal. Exactly one hundred matches over the two campaigns saw him on the scoresheet 60 times. Far and away the best return by any First Division striker.

That century of games saw the 21-year-old establish himself as the most feared forward in the land, thanks to his speed, deadly shooting and cool head.

They were qualities Liverpool spotted early. Rush was in his first season in the league team at Chester when the Anfield club moved in. Ian takes up the story.

'Liverpool's chief scout Geoff Twentyman was the one who first saw me, "Rush says." I know he watched me several times before the club made the decision.

"There were brief mentions in the papers that First Division outfits were chasing me. I believe that Malcolm Allison, who was manager of Manchester City at the time, used to run the rule over me from the directors' box at Sealand Road.

Geoff went about his business in a different way. He didn't want to put pressure on me by announcing his presence so he took up position on the terraces and watched me from there.

"No one knew he was weighing me up until the bid came in. And when it did, I turned them down!

"I just didn't fancy the move at the time. Felt I had plenty to learn and I could do it at Chester and enjoy first-team football at the same time.

"I knew that a transfer to Liverpool would probably mean a spell in their reserve side. That's the way they operate. You are groomed in the ways of the club before you are thrust into the big "And I couldn't see myself lining up alongside all the big names at Anfield even if ever I made it to the senior team. I couldn't imagine surviving in that sort of company.

"All I wanted to do was play for Chester. So I said no, but that wasn't a word Liverpool would

take for an answer.

"A couple of months later they came back. This time they invited me to Anfield to have a look round. They must have known that would swing it. struggling for fitness," Ian recalls. "Manager Bob Paisley brought me into the squad but it seemed just a precautionary measure. I never believed I'd get a game.

"The boss didn't make any dramatic announcement. Just before the game he took me aside and said, 'Oh, by the way, you're

playing '.'

Rush won his first Liverpool medal that night but at the start of the following season he seemed no closer to securing a regular first-team spot.

watch the Deeside Primary School team of ten years ago would have expected the goals to flow sooner or later.

"We played 33 matches one season and won the lot," recalls lan. "I scored 72 goals."

lan Rush is one of a family of ten children. He has five brothers and four sisters—and with four of his brothers actively involved in amateur football, Mum and Dad have to divide their attention across a wide area on a Saturday afternoon.

"The games the other lads play are just as important to the family as the Liverpool matches are," says lan. "My parents are just as proud of my brothers achievements as they are about mine.

"Most of them are married now. But when we all lived at home we couldn't fit all the medals into our trophy case. They were winning three or four apiece each season."

lan had trials with Wrexham before electing to join Chester. It was the family atmosphere of Sealand Road that swayed him.

"There would be about twenty kids at training sessions at Wrexham's Racecourse Ground," says lan. "When we finished our work a jug of orange would be put on the table and it was first come first served."

"There were only five of us at Chester. Youth team manager Cliff Sear would take us out to lunch after training. It was the kind of personal touch that made my choice easy when I had to make a decision."

That desire for a 'family' atmosphere runs right through lan's off-field life. He still lives with his mum and dad in North Wales, having to commute the 30 or so miles to Anfield... rather than take the option of moving into a house of his own as so many young players do.

"Living with my parents has helped keep my feet on the ground," lan ends. "I still have all my old mates from school, I know all the local people. I don't want to get involved with the high-life side of the game."

# Im Rush Explains Why I SAID 'NO' TO LIVERPOOL THE FIRST TIME AROUND

"I spent only a few hours at the ground but once I'd seen the place I knew I couldn't pass up an opportunity like the one I was being offered.

"I'd played only 34 games for Chester," Ian goes on. "But the reaction of their fans was unbelievable.

"The supporters knew I was leaving. When the final whistle blew in my last game they invaded the pitch and mobbed me. All I could hear was 'All the best for the future' and 'Thanks for everything you've done'. I received loads of letters afterwards on the same lines."

Once at Anfield, Ian settled into the established pattern. The spell of learning he had expected. It's what all players brought to the club for their potential rather than their immediate worth must go through.

In his first season he had seven senior outings—including the replay of the League Cup Final against West Ham at Villa Park.

'Steve Heighway was

"I went into Mr Paisley's office and asked about my future with the club," Rush continues.

"I felt it was time I was achieving something and that I might have to go elsewhere to do that.

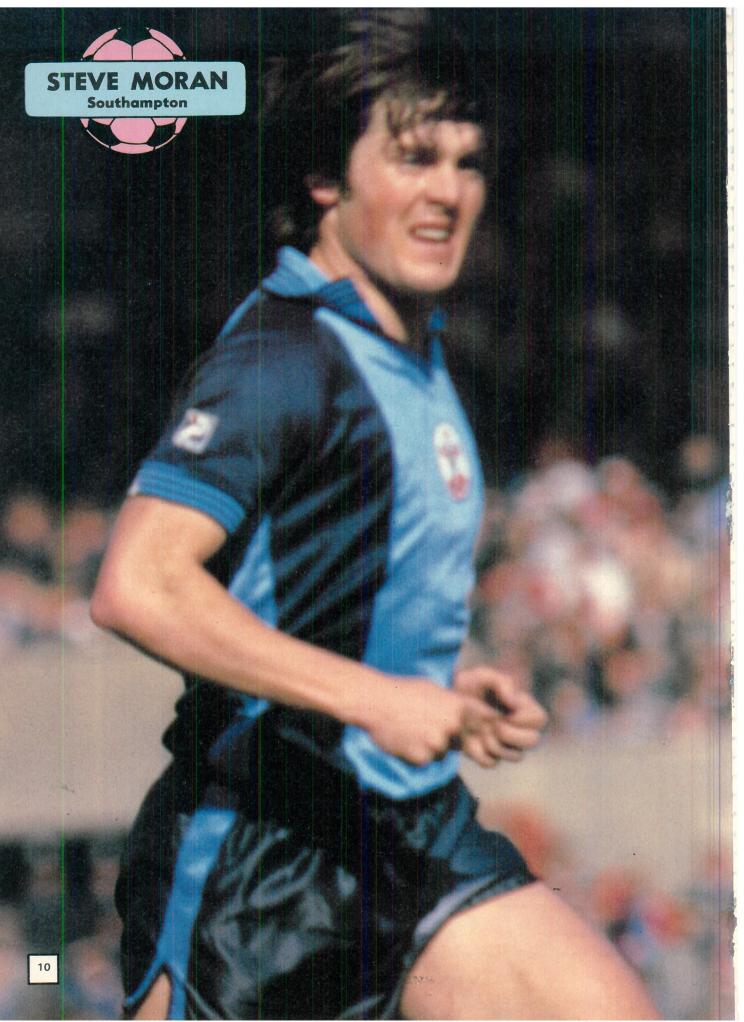
"I'd played in those seven matches but I hadn't scored. The boss told me he couldn't consider me for regular first team duty until I started to find the net.

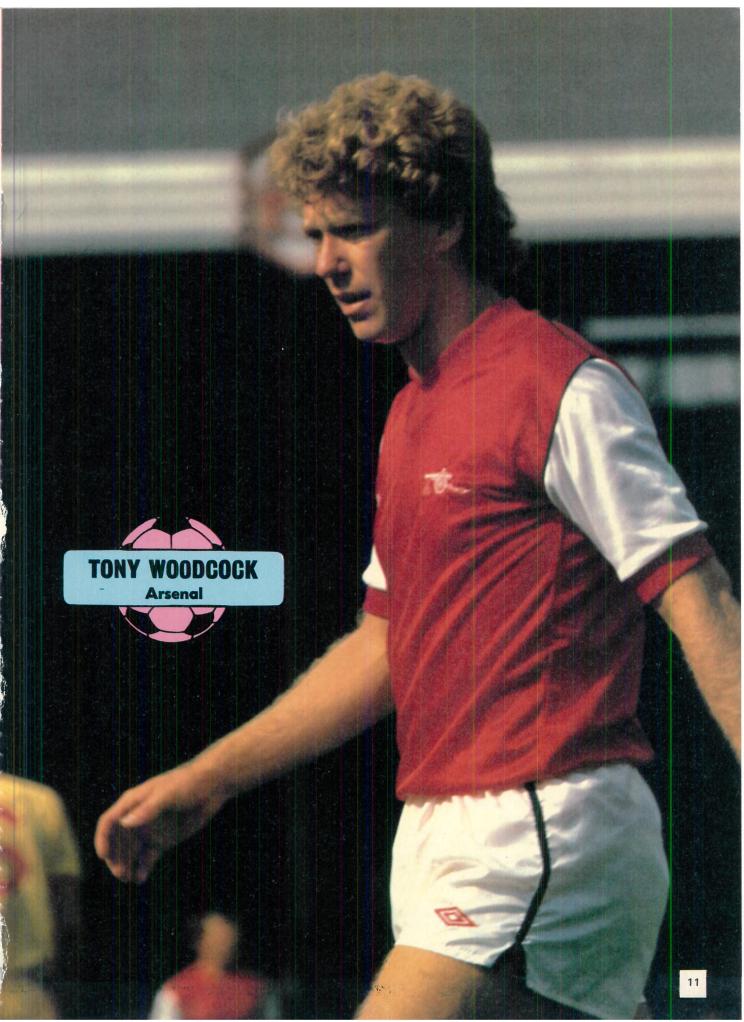
"He said I should be more selfish in front of goal. Go for goal myself if the chance was on rather than pass to someone else.

"I told him I believed I could do that given the chance of regular senior football but he said I would have to prove it in the reserves first.

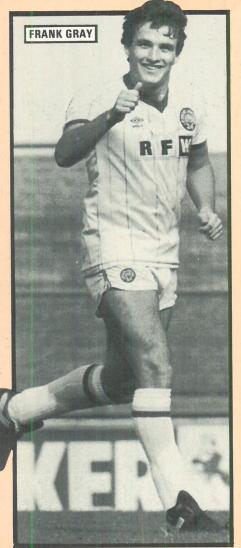
"So I went out to do just that In the opening six matches of the season I found the net five times. Then first team striker David Johnson was injured and I was drafted in. I scored six in my first four games. I've not really looked back since."

Anyone who happened to





## MY FAVOURITE



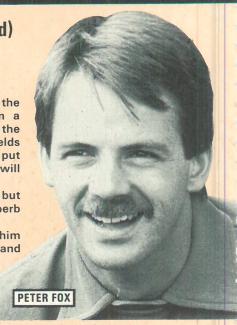
## FRANK GRAY (Leeds United) gives the thumbs up for KENNY DALGLISH

Kenny Dalglish is the best player in the country. His superb skills make him a defender's nightmare. You can't get at the ball to take it off him because he shields it so well. Whilst you are jostling to put your foot in, his incredible turns will leave you stranded.

Everyone knows about his ability but he has also shown what a superb character and fighter he is.

Last season everyone was writing him off. He was supposedly over the hill and on his way out as a top class striker!

He took an awful lot of stick. He didn't say anything but silenced his critics with his form on the pitch.



#### PETER FOX (Stoke City) selects KENNY DALGLISH

Despite the many nightmares he has given me I have to choose Kenny Dalglish as my favourite. He has had the pleasure of scoring a few goals against me!

The difficult thing about him is you just cannot read what he is going to do. He has put goals past me when I thought I had a very good chance of saving them yet he still manages to somehow get the ball into the net.

Kenny scores a lot of extraordinary goals but he also does the bread and butter stuff as well.

On many occasions you are preparing yourself for something special from him and he'll simply tap the ball home. You can't make plans for his efforts. You just have to hope for the best.

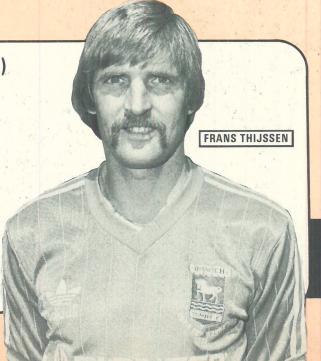
#### FRANS THIJSSEN (Dutch International) chooses KEVIN KEEGAN

I've now left Ipswich to play in Canada, but the memory that I take from playing in the Football League is that of Kevin Keegan.

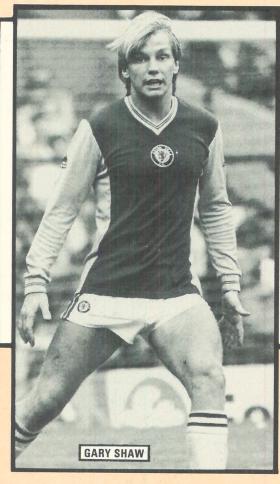
Keegan is not the most skilful player in the country, but he's always made the most of his abilities. When he came back from Germany he had a great time with Southampton. He joined Newcastle, who are not a brilliant team, but he still scored a lot of goals.

His whole career—with Liverpool, Hamburg, Southampton, Newcastle and England—has shown his ability to score goals at every level.

I would have loved to have him on the 'end' of my mid-field work.



## PLAY TOP NOTCHERS



#### STEVE PERRYMAN (Spurs) gives his vote to BRYAN ROBSON

There are so many, but if you ask me who has been the outstanding player in the country over the past season it has to be Bryan Robson (Manchester Utd.).

He's such a solid player who works hard at his game. To me he is good at everything. He has creative ability, he can finish, and is a very good defender. An ideal allround player.

STEVE PERRYMAN

#### GARY SHAW (Villa) names BRIAN LITTLE

I consider myself very fortunate that I had the chance to line up alongside Brian Little in the Aston Villa first team.

As a kid, I followed the Villa, and Brian was the player I admired most. Maybe because he had the same sort of build as me. I'd watch him closely to pick up a few tips.

Although I followed him into the Villa side, I concede that I don't possess half the skill that he used to turn on.

He had tremendous individual flair and always tried to do something different. Opponents had to be on the look-out for the unexpected.

I've seen him score many spectacular goals with overhead kicks and shots from " nowhere."

I'll always remember one he rifled into the top right-hand corner of the Manchester United net from 35 yards in the first minute of an FA Cup-tie

His hat-trick to defeat Queen's Park Rangers in a League Cup semifinal was breathtaking too.

It was tragic that he had to retire early through injury, ruling out what I believe would have been a successful international career for England.

At least Brian is still around Villa Park, coaching the young players, and I'm delighted to see that today's kids have as much respect for him as I had.

#### **MARTYN BENNETT** (WBA) names Liverpool's MARK LAWRENSON

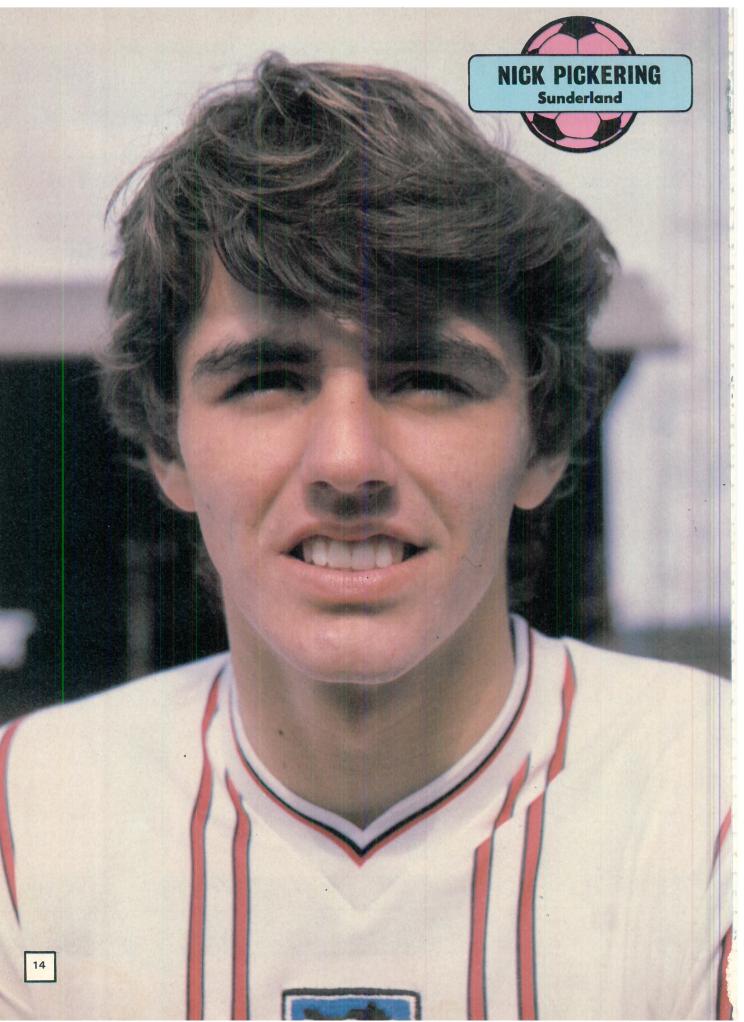
Even when he was at Brighton I always admired Mark Lawrenson. That admiration was strengthened by the smooth way he slipped himself into the Liverpool set-up.

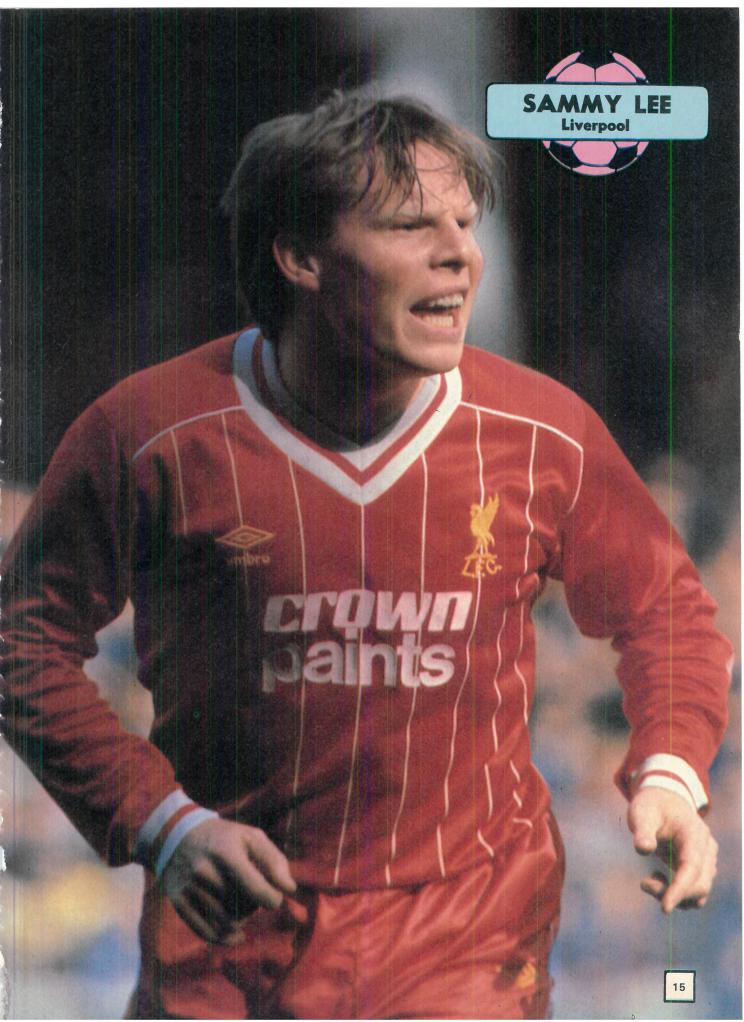
Being a central defender myself I have obviously watched him closely. He is so skilful on the ball and his composure in tight situations is a tremendous quality, it must give players around him confidence.

Mark has the added talent of being able to slip into a couple of other positions. He is a very valuable member to a squad.

MARK LAWRENSON



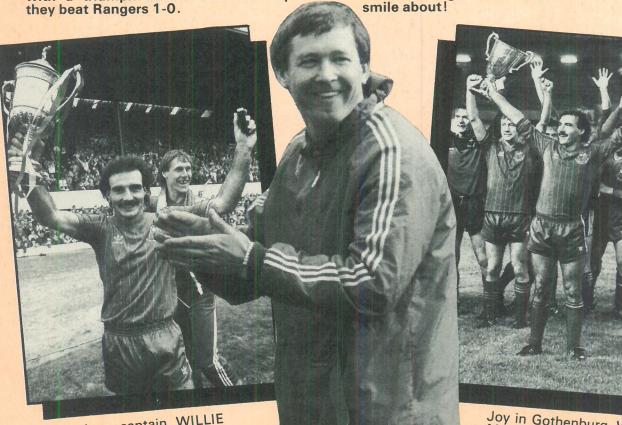




## DONS DANDY DOUBLE

Cup team of season 1982-83 was undoubtedly Aberdeen. They backed up their victory in the European Cup-Winners' Cup with a triumph in the Scottish Cup when

This double win made Aberdeen the first British team to win a European trophy and a domestic Cup in the same season. No wonder Dons' manager Alex Ferguson had plenty to smile about!



Victorious captain WILLIE MILLER holds aloft the Scottish Cup.

Joy in Gothenburg. WILLIE MILLER with the European Cup-Winners' Cup and his happy teammates.



ERIC BLACK heads home his Hampden winner.

Real Madrid goalkeeper beaten by ERIC BLACK in the European Cup-Winners' Cup Final.

## GARY'S GOT IT TAPED!

Manchester
United 'keeper
GARY BAILEY
reveals one of the
secrets behind his
success

JUST after I made my debut for Manchester United in 1978 I invested in one of the most important items of my football education.

I bought myself a secondhand video for £100. But it's been money well spent. That machine played a vital role in the early stages of my career.

It's played a big part in my holding down the green jersey on a regular basis for almost five years at United. It helped me make the England Under-21 side and the fringe of the full squad.

Not every player is the same, but it has always been my approach to analyse games very carefully. I have now amassed a catalogue of tapes at my home that charts my career from that debut day to the present.

In a few seconds I can find any Manchester United game which has appeared on television over the past five years.

Since we are on the box over twenty times a season, plus the fact the club now have their own video tapes of our home games, that means there are very few matches that I cannot re-run.

The use of the video isn't quite as vital to me these days. It becomes less important the more experience you gain. But in my first season I spent a lot of time in front of the box studying myself.

After training, United's former 'keeper and, at that time, goal-keeping coach, Harry Gregg would sit with me and we'd watch the match right through.

All the time Harry would be talking his way through it, pointing out where I had made a mistake, and just as important, praising what I'd done right.

It also cleared up a few arguments we had. Sometimes the

day after matches Harry would say I was standing in the wrong place at a certain point when, for instance, a cross was coming over

When you are in the heat of a game you don't often realise it or remember it afterwards. There were times when I was convinced he had seen it wrong. Watching the tape afterwards I was able to pinpoint what he meant. It worked in my favour as well—there were occasions when Harry was wrong!

The most important months for using the video were the first half a dozen after my debut. I had to learn quickly about the basics of goalkeeping. Positional play was a particular aspect I had to study carefully.

I watched those matches with Harry Gregg and when an attack was being built up or a shot ready to be let go, and I was in the picture, then we would freeze it and look closely at how I had positioned myself.

It was also a very big help in studying the opposition. I taped other matches on television to have a look at some of the strikers I would come up against.

I built up a helpful knowledge of where they were most dangerous, how good they were in the air, if they were quick in he box or expert at long range efforts.

I still watch my video to see how I'm playing and maybe clear up a few points at times. But on the whole I don't study it quite so intently any more. I know these days when I have made a mistake and why!

But it is still a confidence booster to have a look again when you have had a good game. I think for young lads coming into the game videos are a great advantage. They've certainly helped me a lot.





#### I'M GLAD I LISTENED TO MY

MAKING your way through the early stages of a football career can be very tricky. There are many pitfalls just waiting to claim the unwary youngster.

That's why I've been fortunate to have had a guide to help me. And a very professional guide he is, too.

He's my Uncle Stan. That's Stan Bennett and his qualifications are 377 games in 11 years with Walsall. He's out of the game now but his advice was invaluable to me in my early years.

For instance, when the clubs came sniffing round weighing me up, he told me not to tie myself to one club on schoolboy forms. I should have trials with as many as possible and pick out the best.

That I did. I went to Leeds United, Aston Villa, Derby County, Wolves and Arsenal before deciding on West Bromwich Albion.

It was a natural choice in the end. My family lived on the outskirts of Birmingham. Stan knew Ronnie Allen, who was Albion manager at the time. But it was good to check out others first.

After I signed as an apprentice, Stan warned me about the failure rate. He said I'd see players pushed out of clubs simply because their faces didn't fit with the coach or manager.

I couldn't believe that at the time but I soon discovered he was right. I signed apprentice forms along with 17 others at the Hawthorns. Apart from me only Remi Moses, who is now with Manchester United, made it as a pro.

I watched my friends dropping out of the game one by one. Some of them were absolutely shattered.

Once I got into the first team and started picking up decent

HOW does it feel to win the football pools? You cannot possibly put something like that in words. Well, whatever the feeling, it amply describes how I felt when I re-signed for Everton before last season.

Two years earlier I had made the biggest mistake of my life when I left Goodison Park. It was the worst thing I ever did.

When I hit very low points at my nexf two clubs, Queen's Park Rangers and West Bromwich Albion, I thought to myself I'd do anything to get a second chance with Everton.

I loved the club, the fans and I enjoyed living on Merseyside. I consider myself a very lucky person to be given that second bite of the cherry.

The words I had longed to hear came at a time when I was least expecting it.

In fact I had just resigned myself to another season at The Hawthorns. I was about to make plans to secure some digs in the area as I had been travelling every day from Southport the previous term. I must admit I wasn't at all looking forward to the season with Albion.

I was pretty down as I sat in a restaurant in Birmingham contemplating spending the weekend ahead looking for accommodation. I rang my wife to see how everything was at home and tell her the situation.

But it was Sue who had the big news for me. She said the then West Bromwich manager Ronnie Allen had been in touch and wanted me to ring him as soon as possible.

The thought of a move being on the cards went through

my mind, but I wasn't prepared for the surprise Mr Allen had for me.

"You aren't going to believe this but Howard Kendall wants you to sign for Everton."

The only problem which remained was would Peter Eastoe decide to join Albion. He was the other player involved in the swop. I was very relieved when he agreed.

Having explained how much love I have for Everton football club I suppose the reasons why I left in the first place deserve explaining.

To be perfectly honest so many things contributed to my departure that I cannot remember all of them.

Basically though the club was going through a big upheaval. There was still a great deal of disappointment after losing in the FA Cup semi-final to West Ham United and Gordon Lee's job as manager was on the line.

There were a lot of changes. At the time I had hopes of being chosen for England. I felt I needed something more settled and that a move could be the best thing for me.

My big ambition was to join Arsenal. I was even on my way to London to meet Terry Neill when the deal was knocked on the head. However, I had sprung my own trap. I had made waves at Everton and there was no way I could go back. I had to move on somewhere.

I didn't want to drop into the Second Division but I fell for the confidence boosting talk of Loftus Road boss Tommy Docherty.

Docherty was sacked very soon after and I realised I had taken a step backwards. I couldn't get used to the lack of

#### UNCLE STAN!

#### Says West Brom's MARTYN BENNETT

wages Stan advised me to invest in property. So I moved from my parents' home into my own house.

My dad and I did a lot of improvements on it and I took a great deal of pleasure sorting out furnishings and decoration.

Unfortunately owning a home meant I had to cut back on my major hobby—buying clothes. When I first broke into the Albion side I spent many afternoons round the boutiques picking out all the latest in clothes.

I was really into colours and everything had to be co-ordinated. I spent a fortune getting exactly the right gear

I'd buy lemon jackets, and lots of dicky-bows. I used to wear those to all Albion's matches, and once even bought a vivid red suit.

The Albion manager at the time, Ron Atkinson, told me in front of all the other lads that I'd

better keep my mouth shut or someone would put a letter in it!

The players were always taking the mickey but I didn't mind. It was all in good fun. I still like new clothes, but I can't fork out anything like I used to. It wasn't uncommon for me to spend £500 in one afternoon. My dad used to go mad.

I appreciate what I have now. Realise how lucky I am compared with the mates I was at school with.

I still go around with the lads I knew then. Many of them are on the dole. But for football that could have been my experience, too.

Those pals help keep my feet on the ground. Most of them are Villa or Wolves fans. They are always having a go at me, telling me what rubbish Albion are.

One of the best things about last season was that I was

introduced to the international scene. Problem was I had to miss most of the call-ups at full and Under-21 level through injuries.

But my first time with the senior team was a real eyeopener. I was on the substitutes' bench for the game with Wales at Wembley. I wasn't called on but just training with the country's top players taught me a lot.

Stan's experience came to bear even then. I was pretty pleased with myself because I'd gained some international recognition but he told me to forget all about having been with England and get down to working hard again at club level.

He told me someone else could be elevated to the squad just as quickly as I was if I started thinking I'd made it. Like all the advice he's ever given me, it's dead right.

Not many players are lucky enough to have someone like Uncle Stan waiting in the wings to give them the low-down on potential problems. He has been an enormous help to me.

atmosphere in Division Two. I hated it. I also hated playing in London and on the artificial turf at Rangers.

I was glad when West Bromwich Albion stepped in. They were offering what I wanted, First Division football again.

It all seemed so right. I was sure I had a good future with Albion. To this day I don't really know why things didn't work out. I could never understand why Ronnie Allen bought me as he hardly ever picked me for the side!

Coming back to Everton wasn't without its problems either. I certainly had a very up and down return season.

I started off reasonably. But I knew I could play better. I was a bit inconsistent and eventually Howard Kendall dropped me. It was a real kick in the teeth for me.

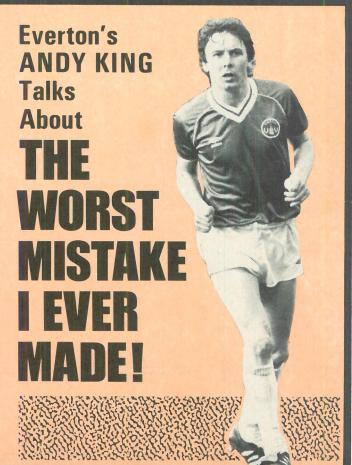
But it was a kick I needed. The rest did me good. I looked closely at my game and got it together once more. Soon I was playing better than when I first left the club.

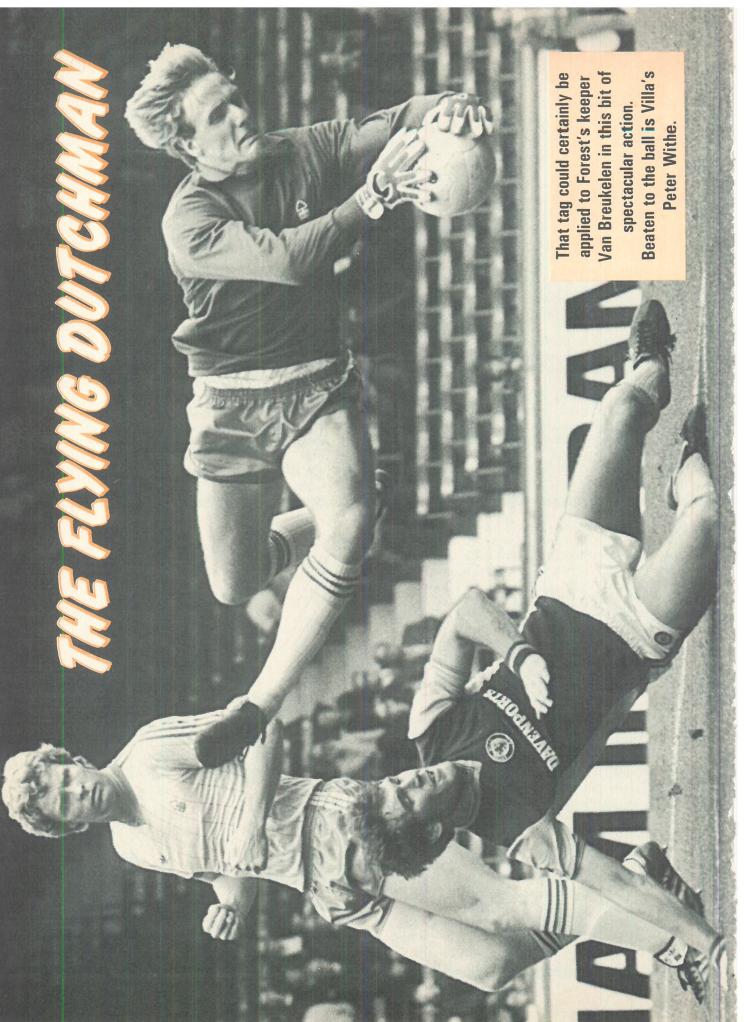
Just as things were going very well for me I badly damaged my knee ligaments at Sunderland which virtually put me out for the rest of the season.

It gave me a little time to reflect on the one thing that really bugs me in my career so far . . . I haven't any medals or full England caps.

At the end of my career I may be able say that I've played in the First Division and had my name put forward for the international side, but if my little girl Jaime-Louise turns round and says "What have you got to show for it, Dad?" I want to have something tangible to show her.

I won't be totally happy until I have some proof that I was successful. However, I'm only 26 so I have a few years in which to do it. Hopefully they will all be with Everton.





WHEN your father was a famous centre forward and you break into League football playing in the same position, there are bound to be those who will draw comparisons between you.

I accept that. But my own view is that I'm a totally different type of player to Dad.

He is Tony Hateley. He played for eight clubs over 15 years, scoring more than 200 League goals. In his day, he was reckoned one of the best headers of a ball in the game.

I know I look very much like Dad. We're both over six feet tall, slim and dark-haired. I've seen pictures of him when he was my age and we could be twins.

But he was very much the oldfashioned battering ram centreforward. His teams hoisted long high balls up to him to make use of his skill in the air.

That type of player doesn't really fit into the modern game. Now a striker has to be a more complete player, good on the ground as well as in the air. He has to be sharp and skilful around the box.

I'm fortunate that my dad taught me my skills at an early age. On Sunday afternoons he would take me out on to the local park and coach me.

My heading came naturally anyway. I'm tall, and seem to have natural spring in my heels. Dad made me practise the other skills I'd need.

It can sometimes be hard being the son of a well known professional. In games at school I could hear opponents pointing me out and planning to give me a bit of extra stick just because my dad was famous. Not that I minded. I handed out as much as I took!

And because Dad played for so many clubs we moved house about half a dozen times. It meant regular changes of schools, but as long as they had a decent football team, I didn't mind.

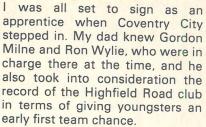
Nottingham was the closest we came to a permanent home. We were there five or six years while Dad was at Notts County.

Strangely enough, I could have ended up at Forest's City Ground.

#### FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

-but Coventry's Mark Hateley

his way



So I signed for City and things have gone really well since. I played for the England Youth side that lifted the Little World Cup. And I've been capped at Under-21 level.

My big ambition is to make the number nine shirt in the England senior team my own. I know that might sound a bit

outrageous at this stage but if you don't aim high, you end up run-ofthe-mill.

Goals are the most important thing to any striker and I'm no exception. I can look back at almost any Coventry match you'd care to mention and be able to tell you about the goal I scored or the chances I missed.

I can replay the incidents in my head. That shows how much the act of putting the ball into the net really means to me.

Overall I believe I'm becoming a better finisher. And after all it is the number of goals you score that earns you a reputation.

I keep setting myself goalscoring targets but I've not had the best of luck with injuries this far. Each time I've got into a good scoring run I've been forced out of action for some reason.

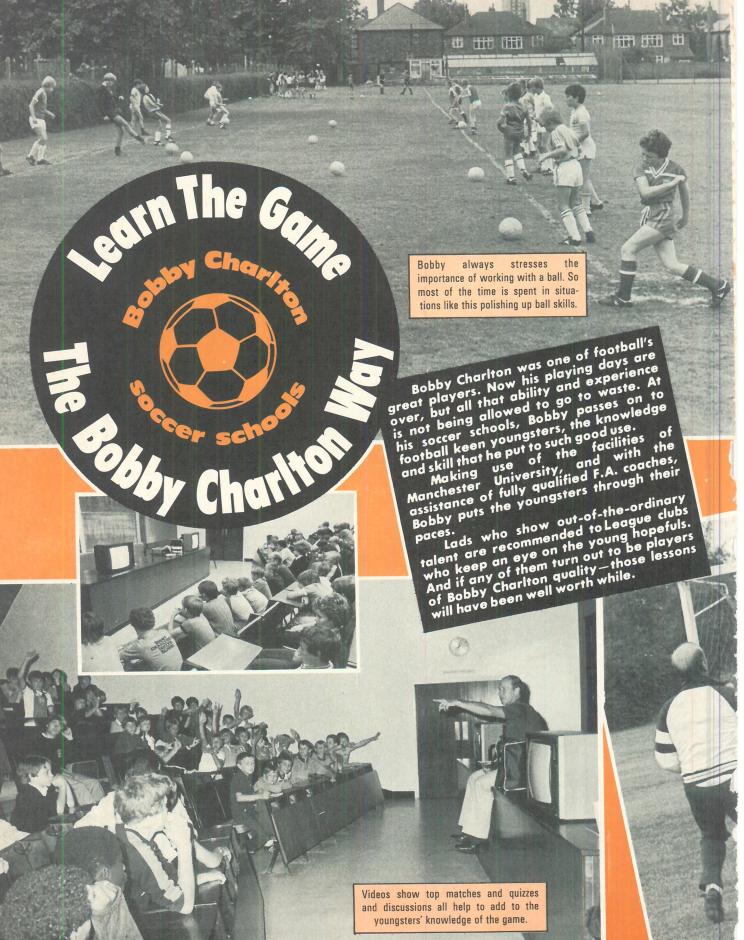
But strikers are always open to strong challenges in the opposition penalty area. Injuries are a risk you have to take.

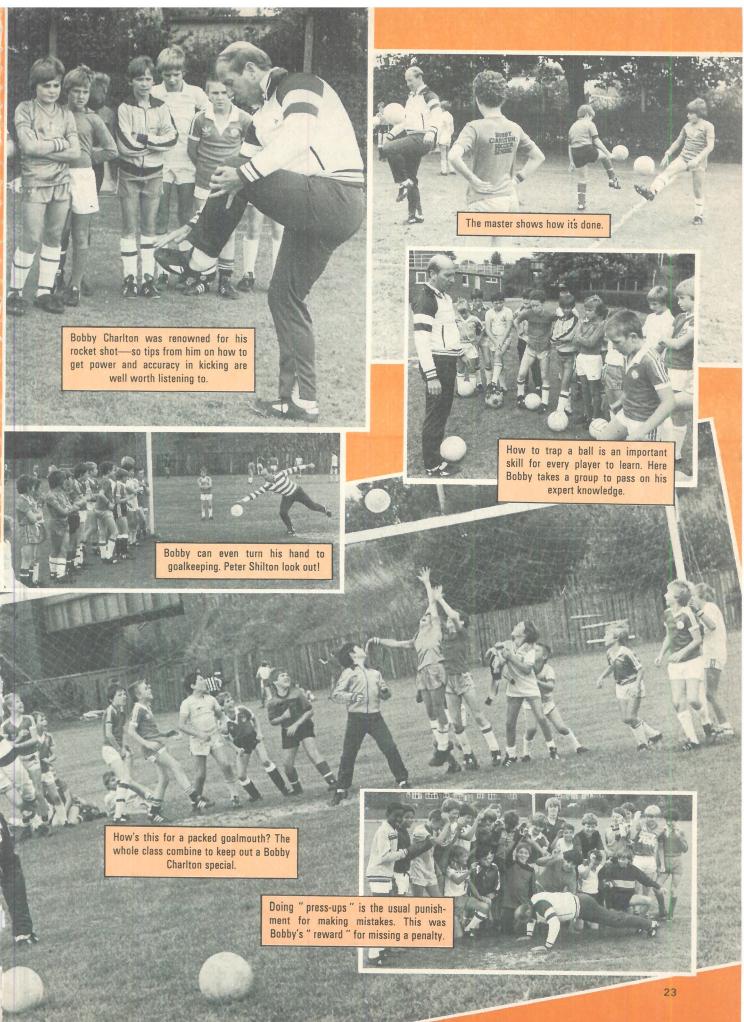
I know I'm developing as a player in my own right because it's less often these days that I'm mentioned as being Tony Hateley's son.

It was an advantage when I was breaking into the team because it earned me more publicity than most other players at that stage of their career.

But I feel I've achieved what I have so far by my own efforts. More often now I'm talked about simply as Mark Hateley.



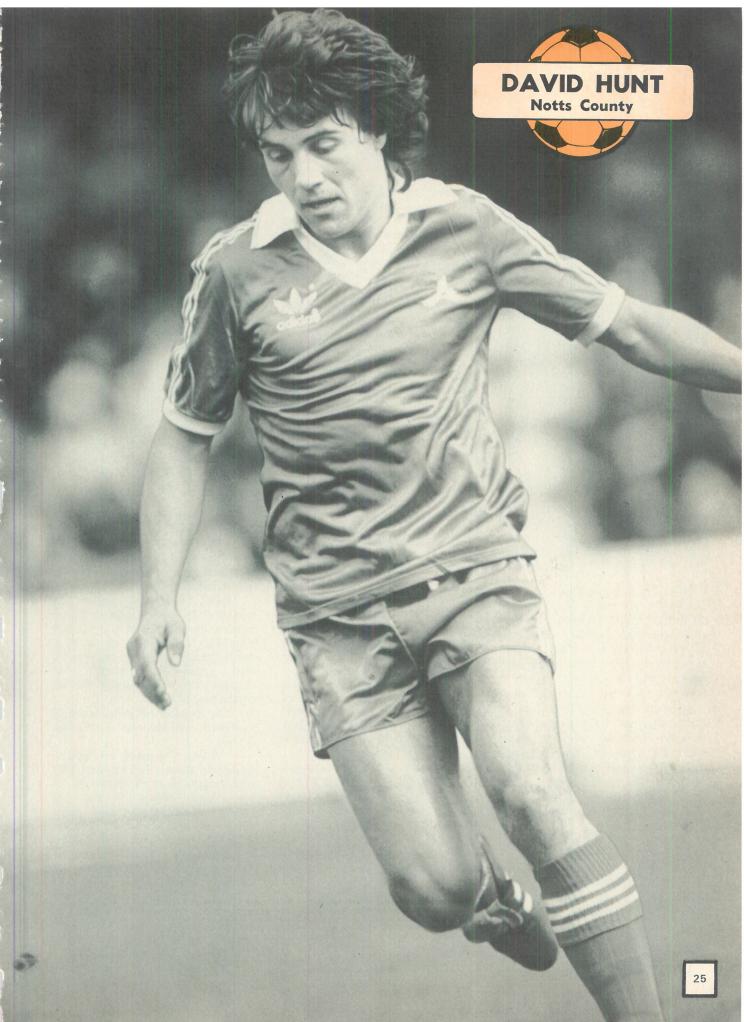




## NO ROAD THIS WAY!

White-shirted, Chris Hughton, of Spurs uses strong-arm methods to block the progress of Liverpool's Ronnie Whelan. Liverpool's Phil Thompson (No. 4) is on hand to help his team-mate.







"Dear Mr Burkinshaw,

Mv name is Gary Mabbutt, and I have been a professional with Bristol Rovers for five years since leaving school. My contract ends this summer, and I would like to further my career in the First Division. I have played 140 games for Bristol Rovers, and I have won 11 England Youth caps and 3 Under-21 caps. I am 21 vears old. If you interested, please could you ring me, my phone number is

> Your sincerely, Gary Mabbutt."

THAT is the letter that did NOT earn Gary Mabbutt a transfer from Bristol Rovers to Spurs last year-the Tottenham manager did not reply to it.

But when Gary was on the verge of signing for Birmingham City a few weeks later the Spurs

boss DID step in to snap up the versatile youngster-and set him on the path to an international career.

Gary wrote the same letter to all 22 First Division clubs. Only two clubs replied-Aston Villa

and Birmingham.

"Villa wrote to apologise that they would not be able to help me, but wished me all the best, explains Gary. "Birmingham said they wanted to sign me and a deal was set up with Rovers. Birmingham lacked the cash to sign me and had to wait for Wolves to pay them for the transfer of centre-half Joe Gallagher.

"It was a question of waiting six to eight weeks for Birmingham to raise the money. After about six weeks my contract with Rovers ran out and as I had refused a new one they formally notified all clubs

that I was available.

" It was from that circular that Spurs decided to make a move, and instead of joining Birmingham found myself signing for Tottenham."

And that's how the first half of a Mabbutt family dream was achieved. The dream of Gary and Kevin Mabbutt to play together in a First Division side.

Kevin is currently with Second Division Crystal Palace, but his form last season before a pelvic injury put him out of action suggested that he could also be a hit in the First Division.

#### DYNAMIC START

The elder Mabbutt played in Division One for several years with Bristol City, but mostly in a struggling side when he wasn't always able to show his full potential.

That potential seemed to be fulfilled as he scored 10 goals in 20 games at the beginning of last season—matching Gary's dynamic start at Spurs.

"People were saying that I

was scoring goals for Palace to keep up with Gary's form for Spurs, but that theory doesn't stand up," says Kevin.

"I was thrilled with Gary's form for Spurs, but it didn't really make any difference to me. I didn't go out thinking 'Gary scored one last week so I must score today to keep up with him.' It was great for us both to be playing well, but that was as far as it went.

"The only consolation about my injury was that it allowed me watch Gary play several to matches for Spurs last season. I felt he was a bargain buy for Before he them. went Tottenham I was never sure where his best position was-as a sweeper, in midfield, or as a striker.

"He's so versatile and hardworking he can do a job anywhere on the field. But his biggest assets are his strength in the tackle and his stamina, and they are best employed in a midfield role.

Mabbutt made Gary sensational start for Spurs, scoring on his debut and quickly establishing himself as a first team regular. Within weeks he graduated through the England Under-21 side to the full international team.

The speed of his progress took everyone by surprise—including Gary.

"When I signed for Spurs, manager Keith Burkinshaw told me I might be in the reserves for two years before getting my chance in the first team," says Gary. " As luck would have it I got into the side for the first match, but I would have been happy to have waited for my chance to come

"It was like a dream unfolding. I won a place in the Under-21 squad in Denmark and played well enough to get into the senior squad. With injuries and things I got an early chance of a full cap

## Madamitis

Gary (Spurs) and Kevin (Palace) talk about their target for the future.

and did well enough to stay in.
"I wasn't actually having to
pinch myself to make sure it
wasn't just a dream, but I was a
bit amazed how well things went
for me. Even though it was what I
had worked for and wanted to

achieve since I was a kid."

Gary and Kevin were groomed for the top by their father, Ray, a top class professional with over 400 first team matches to his credit for Bristol Rovers.

Ray Mabbutt was a fitness fanatic who was still playing Western League Football with Keynsham Town at the age of 44.

"My father never understood why footballers should be considered past their best at the age of 30. He always taught us the value of good fitness training," says Gary.

"He constructed a special floodlight training area for us at home so that we could practise and train in the evenings after school. I will always be grateful to football for giving me the things I'm now enjoying—a place with one of the biggest clubs in the game, a very good wage and a lovely home. I've been very lucky."

Lucky in some ways perhaps, but Gary's success is still a tribute to his own determination and hard work. He has had to overcome the effects of diabetes, an illness which suddenly overtook him when he was with Bristol Rovers.

"When I first found out I had diabetes I felt sorry for myself. I was worried that my career was over," says Gary. "But so many people encouraged me—including Danny McGrain of Celtic—that the feeling didn't last long.

"Now I try to look on the bright side. As long as I look after myself properly there's no reason why the illness should interfere with my football.

"I have to eat three carefully controlled meals a day, and have insulin injections twice a day.

"Before and during a match I have to take a number of sugar lumps or glucose tablets, but it's a small price to pay for being able to carry on playing. In one way my illness helps me. It forces me to take good care of myself."

#### AIMING HIGH

Brother Kevin took the same level-headed attitude with his injury last season. He didn't try to break any records in his recovery, but worked sensibly on his general fitness while waiting for the pelvic injury to heal.

"It's alway frustrating to watch everyone else training and playing while you are injured—particularly when you've been playing well," says Kevin. "But I took the view that six months out of action is nothing compared to the 10 years I still hope to play football, and that once I was playing again the injury would soon be forgotten."

The Mabbutt brothers have always been very close. They talk on the 'phone almost every day, and watch each other play whenever possible.

Kevin was the first to make his mark—being three years older. He won England Schoolboy caps, and joined Bristol City from school, going on to play for the England Youth Side.

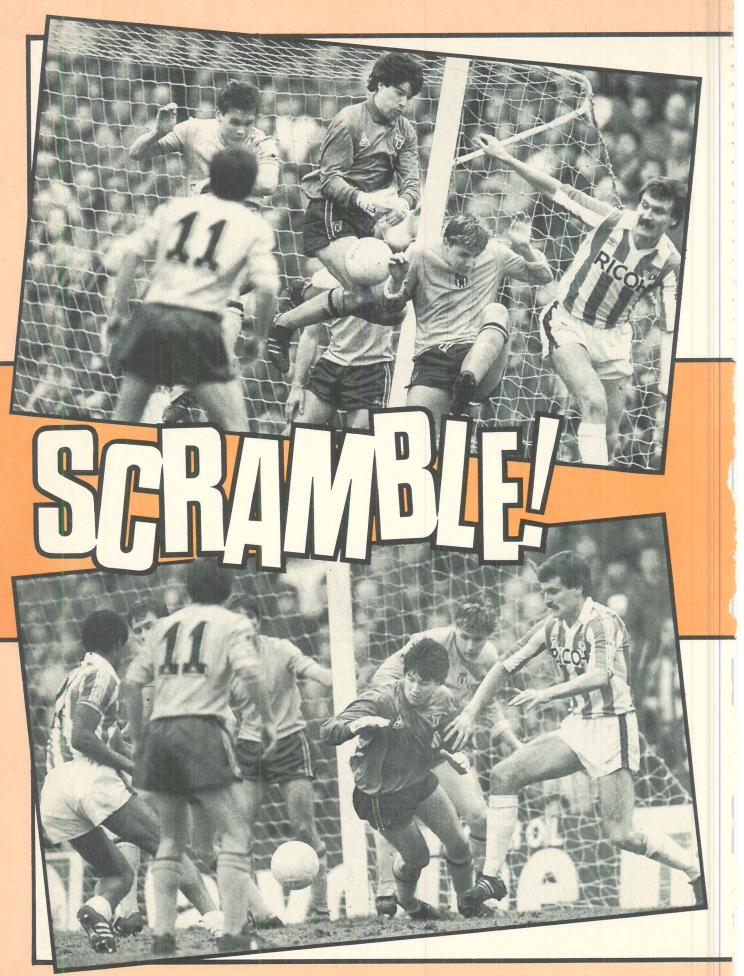
Gary was not so outstanding at schools level, and to avoid comparisons with Kevin, went to Bristol Rovers as an apprentice, where he developed quickly, captaining the England Youth team on one occasion.

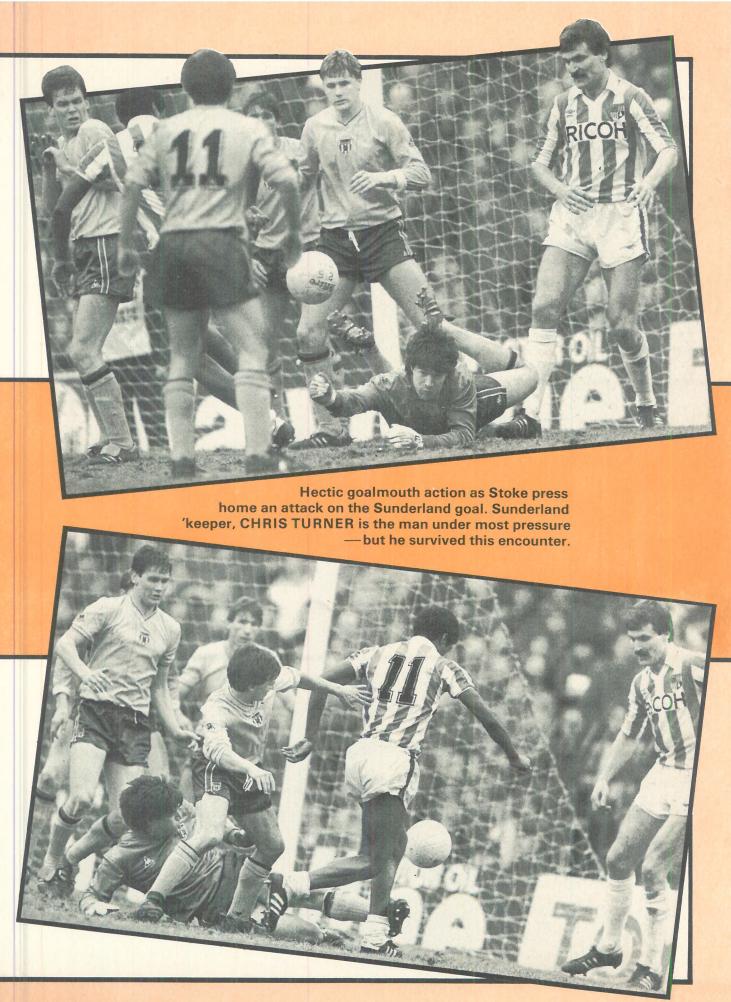
He still has the complete 'strip' from that match, from England shirt down to red-white-and-blue sweat bands, carefully packed in a plastic bag along with all his other international shirts and caps.

"When I was playing for Rovers and Kevin was with City, people tried to build up a rivalry between us when the teams met, but we never considered ourselves as rivals," says Gary. "I'm as keen for Kevin to do well as I am for myself. We both want to win honours in football. We'd love to play together in the same First Division side."

That may be a tall order, but the Mabbutt brothers believe in aiming high. And with their dedicated approach to football few would bet against them achieving their target.







# The first season's results recorded by hand in the Football

THE nerve-centre of English League football nestles quietly behind trees in the Lancashire resort of Lytham St Annes.

Looking not unlike the endless rows of hotels that flank it, it's not the place you would imagine housed the headquarters of the Football League. But that it does—and a busier set of offices you'd be hard pushed to find.

League HQ deals with all administrative aspects of the game. It collects and distributes money from and to the clubs. It supervises the drawing up of fixtures, sees to the appointment of referees, deals with the registration and transfer of players and helps the game's finances by marketing football commercially.

Add to that the administration of ground improvements, players' pension funds, insurance schemes and the like, and you have some idea what a mammoth task this office undertakes.

There are 25 members of staff, from secretary Graham Kelly downwards. They man ten outside phone lines on 30-odd extensions and are assisted by a computer, copiers, telex and wire machines.

The computer that works out the fixture list is not at League headquarters. There are over 2000 matches to be arranged between August and May and it's such a complex business that a commercial company provides the computer capable of dealing with the varied and, at times, unusual requirements.

Everyone knows, for instance, that clubs play half their games at home, half away. But it takes the computer to ensure no team is asked to play three home games

in succession, or three away games in a row.

League minute book of 1888-89

The computer also makes certain that a club will have played an even number of home and away games at a set point in the season, that no team plays another twice in the first half of the season, and that the two big Bank Holiday fixtures—Boxing Day and Easter Monday—are the reverse of each other.

It also sees that two teams from the one city don't have home games on the same day—though that can mean complications in London, where there are so many clubs.

The trickiest situation exists in the west of the capital. Chelsea, Fulham and Queen's Park Rangers can't always avoid a clash, so the computer has Chelsea at home alone on eight occasions, Fulham seven times and Rangers six times.

Individual clubs make requests that the League tries to cater for.

For instance, Northampton Town ask to play away on the first Saturday and, on the last three of the season to give Northamptonshire Cricket Club the use of the ground they share.

Swansea, Cardiff and Newport request they don't play at home on days of big rugby internationals, Chester and Doncaster want to avoid local race meetings and several clubs don't want home games on Grand National Day.

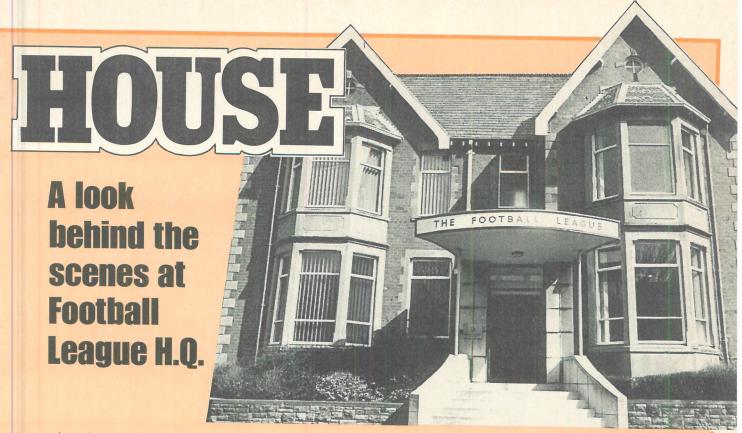
There was even a request last season from the organisers of a convention in Wolverhampton that the local Wolves' team play away from Molineux on convention day. Unfortunately, it couldn't be granted as it interrupted an arranged home/away sequence.

The referee's department prefer not to use a computer when selecting officials for matches. They reckon that while 75 per cent of its appointments would be satisfactory, a computer couldn't take into account special circumstances such as a club objecting over past controversial decisions by a particular official.

There are 88 refs on the League's books and they each take charge of about 25 games a season, making sure every official has a turn in all four divisions.

The performance of every ref is judged by about one hundred former officials who form the panel of League assessors. Those referees given the best marks by the assessors tend to be allocated games in which promotion or





relegation is involved, or local "derby" matches and big cupties.

Wherever possible a referee living within 120 miles of the venue will be appointed and every effort is made not to have a ref take charge of the same club twice in a season.

In the commercial department, marketing manager Graham Walker has three major objectives.

They are to improve the financial viability of the game through sponsorship, to assist in the polishing up of the game's image, and to look at new ideas—like the indoor six-a-side tournament the League are involved in presenting.

The job of looking after the money side falls on the accounts department. Four per cent of every League gate is sent to headquarters and it is redistributed evenly between the 92 clubs. That means the likes of Rochdale would gain something out of, say, Manchester United having a bumper crowd at Old Trafford.

Two per cent of the gross receipts from the football pools goes to the clubs. This figure, however, is almost halved by the payment of betting duty to the Government.

The gate receipts at Milk Cup games are divided up, with 20 per cent going to the League for redistribution to the clubs. One third of FA Cup gates up to the semi-finals and one quarter of semi and final money is handled likewise.

Up an impressive staircase lined with framed pictures of past League Presidents and former management committees is Graham Kelly's office, which also serves as a trophy room.

That's where the old cups are kept along with souvenirs and presentations from clubs and associations throughout the world.

The visitors' book in the foyer provides evidence of football's universal appeal. In it are signatures of people from virtually every point of the globe.

But though visitors are more than welcome, League HQ is essentially a working office. And that applies especially to the department that deals with players' registrations and transfers.

In that office there is a file on every player currently involved in League football. The details of every contract are logged. Every appearance in a match is painstakingly hand-written into massive leather-bound ledgers.

And in the depths of the building there is a vault which houses all the files on every single League professional since the war, plus four of those huge ledgers—one per division for every season since the League came into being in 1888.

It's a must for the statisticallyminded and compilers of club histories.

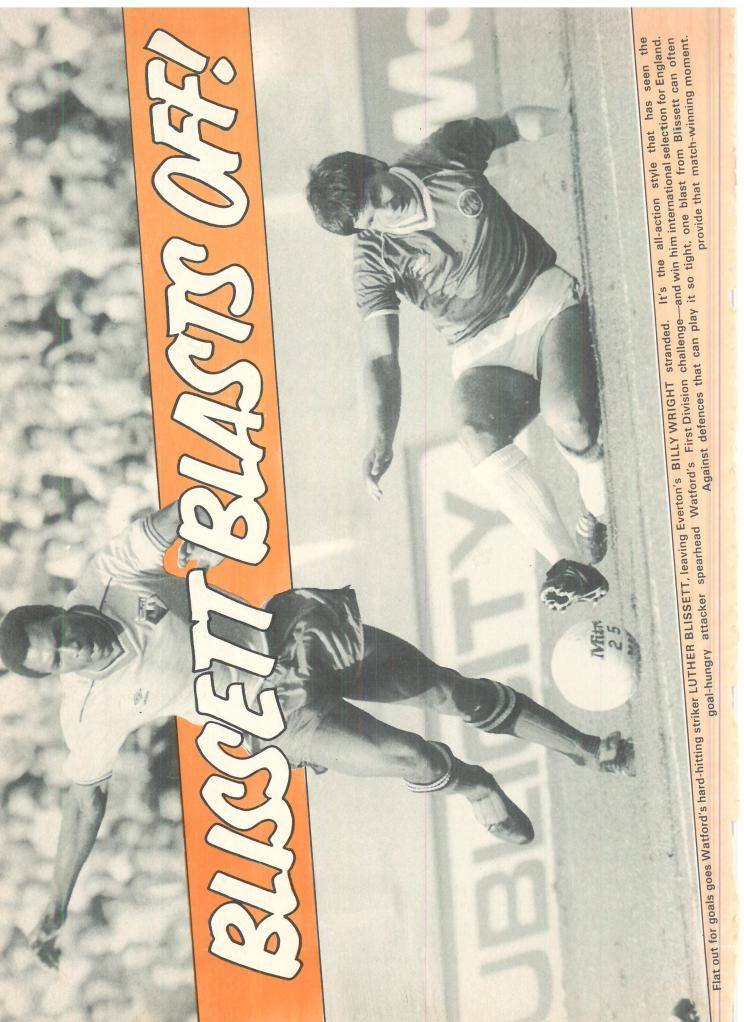
With each passing year, League HQ becomes busier. Paperwork increases with each new legislation. There are tax and pension problems, trust funds and commercial duties which weren't thought of when the League was founded in the last century.

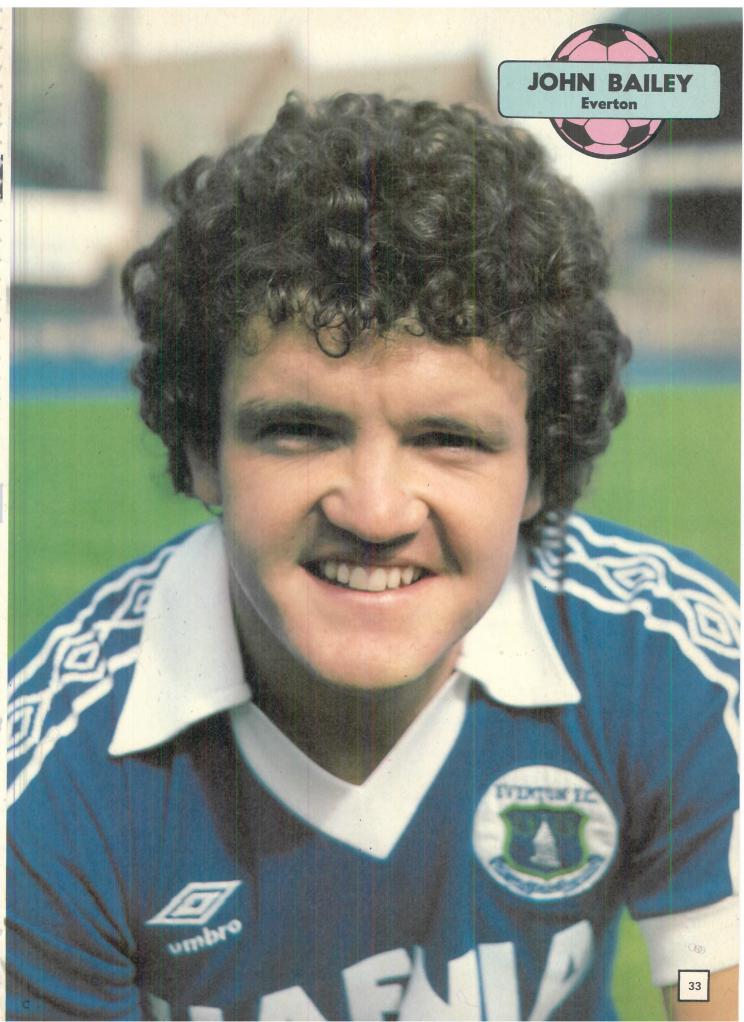
The original headquarters were in Preston—at the heart of the region which provided most of the League's original membership.

Although it expanded it kept its roots in Lancashire, spurning pressure to move to London in favour of the property in St Annes.

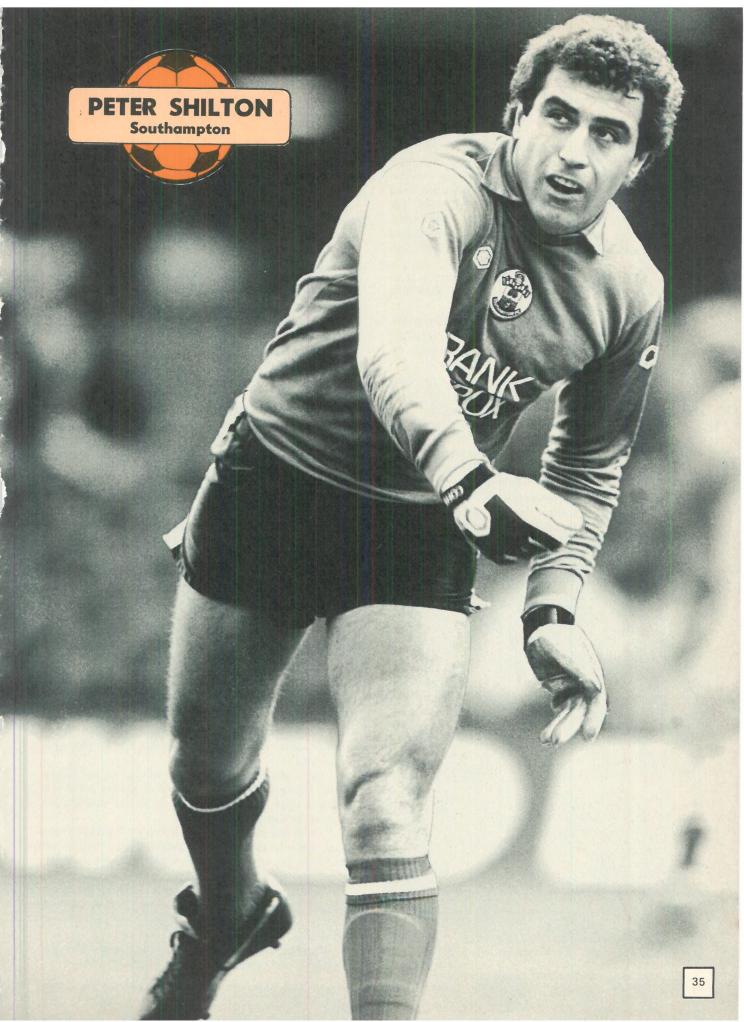
Just recently the house next door has been converted to extra office space. Advanced copying machines have been purchased to enable the League to cut down on printing costs.

It all adds up to a fascinating operation. It's all happening in the quiet building that's the powerhouse of football's administration.









### JEANNE'S A SUPER FAN-

Jeanne Morrison doesn't claim to be Newcastle United's No.1 fan. There are too many fanatical Geordies around to risk such a boast. But, what is almost certain, is that when it comes to putting pen to paper, no supporter, let alone soccer writer, can have written more words, or kept such a detailed record of the club and its players over the past 15 years!

Enter the bedroom of Jeanne's home and you're in an Aladdin's Cave of diaries, journals and pictures all devoted to

the love of her life . . . Newcastle.

Ask, too, how it all began and the attractive 25-year-old, who works in advertising, quickly proves that her memory is just as exact as the wealth of information she so painstakingly chronicles.

"My first taste of football and Newcastle in particular was back in 1966 when my father Bob took me along to see them play Liverpool. From that moment I was hooked.

"But it wasn't till three years later, when I was 11 and Newcastle won the old-style Fairs Cup, that my interest

suddenly extended beyond just going along to watch.

"That European success caused such interest in the area that I decided I wanted to delve behind the scenes at the club and compile my own personal records."

But there was also one other very good reason why Jeanne decided it was time to become something above and

JEANNE MORRISON—at home among her souvenirs.

beyond a 'normal' Saturday afternoon supporter . . . boys!

"As a girl, I soon discoverd that it was extremely difficult to talk football with boys," Jeanne goes on. "In their eyes anything I had to say simply didn't count.

"I suddenly realised that to win their respect, I had to be able to come up with something different. A fact or a

figure they didn't know anything about.

"I suppose that was one major reason why I became so intensely interested. But, at the end of the day, I keep my files and probably always will for sheer personal enjoyment."

For Jeanne that 'enjoyment' involves at least two hours almost every single day of the year devoted to gleaning and setting down on paper every grain of information she can dig up about Newcastle and its players.

"At first I'd simply pick up the papers and copy word for word what they had to say about the club," Jeanne

continues.

"Then I began re-writing the information in my own words. Nowadays, however, I tend to find out most of what I want to know for myself. I get a lot of satisfaction from that.

"In a way, I suppose it's a labour of love. I suppose, too, a great many folk might find it hard to understand why a girl should have such an infatuation with football.

"I remember, in fact, former United defender Pat Howard once asking me why I did it, suggesting that I had to be mad for being so absorbed with Newcastle.

"To be honest, the same thing has crossed my own mind a few times over the years. All I know is that I'd be lost without the interest now.

"I hate, however, to think how many words . . . it must be millions . . . I've written over the years. I've got 44 volumes . . . book size . . . jam-packed with details and information."

And one of those volumes has been published in book

"When United returned to the European scene back in '77 I thought it would be a good idea to put together recollections of what had happened between then and the days of their Fairs Cup triumph in 1968-69," Jeanne explains.

"The book was called Europe to Europe. It had a print of 5000 copies all of which sold at 40p a time. That gave

me quite a thrill.

"But, really, that was a one-off thing as far as I'm concerned. Maybe someday I'll think about getting something published again. Otherwise all my work and writings are really for my own personal pleasure.

"I'm lucky, too, in that over the years Newcastle have always had a smashing bunch of players. I can't think of one who hasn't been willing to supply me with the kind of information I've been after.

"Typical of that is Kevin Keegan. Since he joined the club I've been compiling a few 'volumes' on his life and career and he's always been prepared to give me his time. That is something I really appreciate."

What Newcastle 'appreciate' is that in Jeanne Morrison they have a very special fan . . . even though she is a girl!

## AND SO IS JANE

Minutes after the final whistle has blown to signal the end of a match at Old Trafford, the clearing-up operation inside the ground is well under way.

Soon the terraces empty as stewards usher the last of the fans from the ground. But beneath the main stand, the bustle of activity continues

In the wide corridor leading from the players' tunnel, small groups of people gather to discuss the match just ended.

A handful of lucky young fans with special passes wait, autograph books at the ready, for their idols to emerge. They are under the watchful eye of a steward, posted as sentry outside the dressing room door.

A cluster of newspaper men and radio reporters are poised in the corridor, too. Then Manchester United manager Ron Atkinson appears and invites them to the interview room for his customary Press conference.

Minutes later, the players, showered and changed, begin to leave the dressing room and make their way along the corridor, signing autographs as they go.

Halfway down, there is a girl fan, escorted by her father, eager to chat with the United stars. Each one stops to greet her, some plant a kiss on her cheek, and they chat together before going on their way.

The girl is twenty-year-old Jane Elkins and she's a very special fan.

She's been a regular at Old Trafford, hail, rain or shine, for the last seven years, yet she has never seen her heroes in action. For Jane has been blind since the age of two.

Each match-day, along with nine other blind supporters, she takes her seat behind the Press box, slips on a set of earphones, and listens to the commentary provided by the hospital broadcasting service.

Though unable to see the action, Jane kicks every ball, claims every foul and cheers every goal.

She would never dream of missing her regular place in the crowd or the opportunity to meet the players after the match. They, too, have come to regard her as a special member of the Old Trafford set-up.

"I always get a kiss after the match from Ray Wilkins, Lou Macari, Steve Coppell, Kevin Moran, Mike Duxbury, Gordon McQueen and Bryan Robson," she says.

Wilkins is her favourite player. He always takes the time to stop for a few minutes' chat with Jane, and she has a permanent memento presented to her by the United and England star.

"After the final match of the 1981-82 season he approached me outside the dressing room and handed me his United jersey," she goes on. "I've worn it to every match since then."

So accustomed is she to chatting with the players, Jane knows which member of the side is on his way towards her, simply by recognising his voice as he leaves the dressing room.

"The only two voices which confuse me are those of Kevin Moran and Mike Duxbury," she goes on. "Although Kevin is Irish and Mike is English, I often can't tell them apart."

Ron Atkinson often pops across to say hello, and Jane is proud that she has been invited to the Executive Suite to be entertained by Sir Matt and Lady Busby.

However, it's not just the present Manchester United personnel who keep in touch with Jane.

Former players still ask how she is during their visits to Old Trafford, and regular opponents have come to know her well.

"Kenny Hibbitt of Wolves always stops for a chat, and writes to me regularly," she adds. "And ex-United manager Dave Sexton corresponds, too.

"When he was the boss here, he promised to bring me back a stick of rock when the team went to play a match at Brighton. After the following home match, he delivered it in person.

"I have a good memory for players' birthdays, and usually buy them a birthday card when the time comes.

"When former player, Andy Ritchie, was with Brighton, I remembered his side's match at Old Trafford coincided with his 21st birthday.

"I bought a card and a box of chocolates to give him at the end of the game.He was delighted."

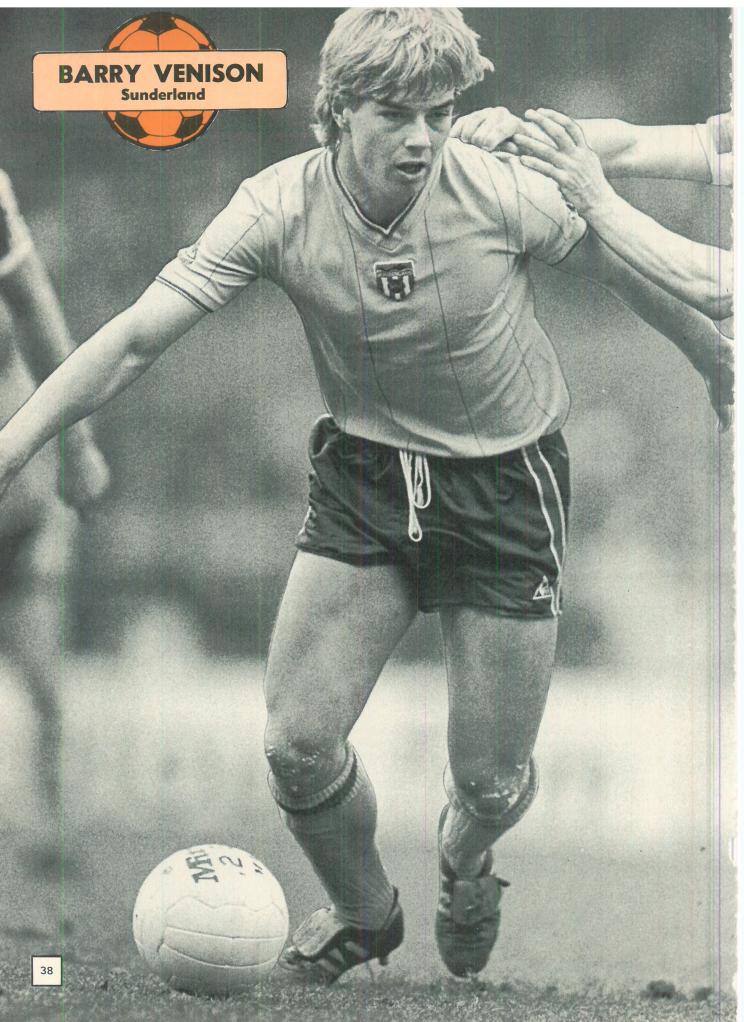
It was through Jane's father, a lifelong United fan, that she became a fervent supporter.

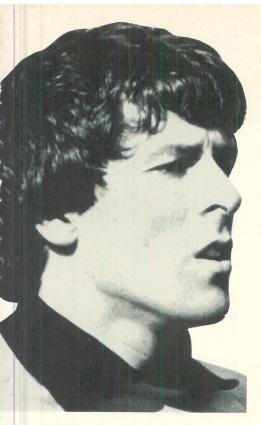
Says her Dad, Norman, "Wild horses wouldn't keep her away from Old Trafford. During the last seven years, she has only missed two home games.

"That was only because she attended a special school in Yorkshire, and bad weather had blocked the roads, preventing us from travelling to Manchester."

Jane's loyalty to the Reds has made her a very special fan indeed.







'M not sure why it is, but I seem to have got where I am today by a series of amazing chance happenings.

Of course, there's been a lot of hard work on my part too, but how about the following for examples; I only ever played in goal because I was physically unable to turn out anywhere else; I was spotted by the Celtic assistant-manager playing in a game he had originally not intended to watch; I made my debut on St Patrick's Day and even made my Scottish Cup debut in England—the last two being not bad for an Irishman!

To start at the beginning, Co. Donegal I wanted to be a goalscorer just like everyone else. As a big lad, I used to do quite well, too. Then, when I was about 12 I suddenly shot up, becoming really lanky and awkward on the ball. Also, for some reason, whenever I ran I developed a pain

I didn't want to give up playing so I decided the only thing

though, when I was a youngster in

in my side.

left for me was to play in goal. Gaelic football helped me there. I played it fairly often, right up until 1977, the year before I signed for Celtic. It kept me fit and, of course, there is a lot of catching involved, which helped my reflexes.

### ICKY M

### That's Celtic's PAT BONNER talking

In fact, I enjoyed Gaelic football so much I'd like to take it up again when I finish playing soccer.

Anyway, even when I was playing Gaelic football, I considered myself a Celtic fan. Along with Manchester United, they were the only team I cared about.

I'd always wanted to play for them, but it was the luckiest of lucky breaks that led to me being spotted at all. Sean Fallon, who was Jock Stein's assistant at the time, was in Dublin to watch a League of Ireland game.

Fortunately for me, he had to stay over and while he was there he saw me playing for the Eire youth team against Finland. After that Celtic asked me over for a trial and six months later, having played for their youth team in France, I was asked to sign. Having previously been turned down by Leicester City, I didn't need to think twice.

I made my first appearance for the club less than a year later, on Patrick's Day, 1979. Unfortunately, there was a postal strike in Eire at the time so the first my family knew about my selection was when they read it in the Sunday papers.

I played only one more game that season, and none the next term, but a close season injury to regular 'keeper Peter Latchford let me in at the start of 1980/81 and—touch wood—I've been there ever since.

My Scottish Cup debut? That was against Berwick Rangers, the only English side playing in the Scottish League. We won 2-0 that day but the Scottish Cup remains the one domestic competition I've yet to take a winner's medal from. I have Premier League championship medals and a League Cup one, too.

I've also managed to win two full caps for Eire, against Poland and Algeria, both games being away from home. Indeed, I celebrated my 21st birthday in Poland two years ago on the day after my international debut.

It was the busiest period of my life, without a doubt. Between May and September of that year I travelled to Majorca, Holland, the USA, West Germany, Holland (again) and Italy with Celtic; and West Germany and Poland with Eire. Add to that a holiday with my brother, Denis, in Corfu for two weeks and a week in Eire with the rest of my family and you can imagine I was pretty tired of travelling at the end of it all.

I'm currently Eire's secondchoice 'keeper, behind Bolton's Jim McDonagh. At least I'm number two choice for half the games we play each year, and for the rest of the time I'm third in line, with Fulham's Gerry Peyton leapfrogging over me for the other

It's not quite as confusing as it sounds. Our international boss. Eoin Hand, has decided it's better to select us in rotation, rather than have one of us travel all the time while the other misses out. I aim to solve that particular problem, by establishing myself as number one which has always been an ambition in any case.

Whatever else happens to me in football, it's unlikely to be as embarrassing as my first-ever competitive tryout game for Celtic. It was during my Easter holidays from school and I was playing with the Celtic youth team in France.

I ran out with the rest of the lads and before the kick-off the two captains exchanged pennants.

Then, when the band struck up a tune, I ran to my goal for a warm-up. Imagine how I felt when I turned round and saw the rest of my team-mates standing to attention in the middle of the park.

The tune was "God Save The Queen"! Being Irish, with a different national anthem, I just wasn't used to hearing the British one at that time. I felt pretty silly running back to join the rest of the boys in the line-up!

# CRAZY CHRIS!

### Rochdale's CHRIS PEARCE putting fun back into football

I'M a self-confessed idiot . . . anyone who walks into the opposing team's changing room before a match dressed as a nun singing in reverent tones what the result will be, can't be described as anything else.

But that is the sight which confronted York City players last season when they visited Rochdale. I've brought a real ring of truth to the old football saying that "goalkeepers have to be mad."

The game has lost a lot of its characters. I've tried in my own way to bring a bit of fun back into football.

My Rochdale team-mates think it's hilarious and the manager reckons I've boosted morale at the club and he encourages me to act the goat off the field.

I've always enjoyed a bit of skylarking. So long as I don't offend anyone or let it affect my game I'll continue to bring more laughter into the corridors at Spotland.

It all started at the beginning of last season. I'd not long joined the club. They were a nice bunch of lads, but I felt they were a little on the quiet side. Team-mate Mickey French and I set about livening up the atmosphere.

We arrived for a match one Saturday and then nipped off to the club's souvenir shop. We borrowed scarves, bob hats, flags and teddy bears then went into our dressing-room as 'Dale fans.

The players fell about laughing. From the humble beginning my repertoire grew.

The next home match I came in as Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame. For the next game a black wig, a pair of my girlfriend's black tights, plus a pair of steel toe-capped wellies transformed me into comedian Max Wall.

I usually only dress up when we play at home. But when we visited Wimbledon I couldn't resist making an exception.

The lads were all getting changed at Plough Lane when I arrived in white tennis gear, complete with headband and racquet.

"Sorry, lads I've got the wrong game. I just saw Wimbledon and assumed we were having a game of tennis," I said. I might as well have been on the courts, for we lost three-love!

At Christmas I arrived as a fairy. I even went out on to the pitch like that before kick-off.

I don't buy any of my costumes. I borrow most of them from friends and the bloke in my local paper shop often gives me false moustaches and noses.

My best prop man is my ex-Blackburn Rovers team-mate Paul Comstive. He was on loan to Rochdale for a while last season. He'd got all the gear together so we could do a Bill



and Ben routine, but he was returned to Rovers before we could use them.

I make sure that my antics don't creep into my game. I'm deadly serious once the whistle goes. All the jokes are reserved for the dressing room.

I've certainly needed a sense of humour after some of the injuries I've sustained since I first went to Wolves as a schoolboy.

I was forever breaking my fingers at Molineux. As a youngster I don't think my fingers were strong enough to take the force of shots you get in the professional game.

Gradually as I grew older the problem disappeared. I had similar trouble with my ankles. I was always going over on them. It wasn't only in matches either. I could just be walking down the street and I'd sprain them.

A specialist at the time gave me only a 50-50 chance of making it in football because of my ankles. Eventually I had a manipulative operation and that did the trick.

However, ill luck was still with me. I missed out on a Welsh Under-21 cap after I saved a shot from Ian Rush during a training session.

As I collected the ball around face height, the force of it

knocked my hand back and I poked my eye with my finger and blinded myself for 48 hours! It was ten weeks before I could train again.

So after all that you can see why I'm out to enjoy myself these days.

And this is what Chris really looks like!







career, which has been a football version of snakes and ladders. At first, however, I seemed to find all the snakes. Now, thankfully, I'm on top of the ladder. My diary is crammed with disappointments and delights.

### AUGUST, 1971

Southport manager Alec Baker signs me on amateur forms. He says I'll be taken on as a professional as soon as I complete apprenticeship as an electrician when I'm 20.

I enjoy the comradeship at the club. It isn't exactly the top flight. Most days we have to whip round to buy fish and chips for our dinners. However, I make the first-team.

Baker is sacked two months after I join, and Jimmy Meadows takes over. He doesn't rate me and soon I'm looking for a new club.

### NOVEMBER, 1971 — PRESTON NORTH END

Having written to most of the Lancashire clubs, Preston take me on trial. I play for the reserves but they don't want me.

### DECEMBER, 1971 -BARROW

I'm on trial at Barrow when I'm invited to go to South Africa by former Manchester City player Billy Haydock. Don't see any future for myself in England so I accept.

### FEBRUARY, 1972-PORT ELIZABETH CITY

My wife Kathy and I have ten

days to sell up in Liverpool and fly out to South Africa with our young son. We arrive miles from home with only £30 in our pockets—a frightening experience.

Still I'm playing football. I work a full day in a factory and train for two or three hours at night. It isn't very good for family life.

Port Elizabeth fold ten months after we arrive. Once again I'm without a club!

### NOVEMBER, 1972 — ARCADIA SHEPHERDS

We are unhappy in South Africa but decide to stick it out for the two years we had originally planned. A good decision because I played alongside former Wolves' striker Derek Dougan for Shepherds. I impress him and he tells Wolves about me. We are on our way back to England.

### NOVEMBER, 1973 — WOLVERHAMPTON W.

It's great to be with a First Division club. I appear 17 times in a Wolves shirt but unfortunately I'm in and out of the first-team. Eventually they let me go.

### APRIL, 1974-**PORTLAND TIMBERS**

I decide to chance my arm in America. A great confidence booster. I score 17 goals in 25 games playing against top centrehalves like Mike England and Terry Mancini.

In England Birmingham City boss Freddie Goodwin has heard reports from the States about me.

He is very interested.

### AUGUST, 1975 — BIRMINGHAM CITY

We are back home again after Goodwin flies out to the USA and signs me for £40,000. Four games into my St Andrew's career Goodwin is sacked. Willie Bell is the new manager. I play for most of the season, but Bell doesn't fancy me, so a year after my City debut I'm moving again.

### SEPTEMBER, 1976-NOTTINGHAM FOREST

I'm down in the dumps after the Birmingham affair, but not for long. Brian Clough and Peter Taylor want me at Nottingham Forest. They are in the Second Division but with these two in charge I don't think it will be for long.

We win the Anglo-Scottish cup. It's my first-ever trophy in

professional football, and I'm absolutely delighted.

The same season we win a promotion place at the very last minute. I'm in the First Division again.

Our first season and we beat Liverpool in a replay at Old Trafford to win the League Cup. Then we go on to win the League Championship beating Liverpool into second place by seven clear points!

Soon after I have a pay dispute with Brian Clough. neither of us will budge. Outcome is I'm transferred to Newcastle United.

### AUGUST, 1978— NEWCASTLE UNITED

Back in the Second Division again. Folks are saying I've had my high spot in my career with Forest, but I believe Newcastle have the potential to do the same as Nottingham.

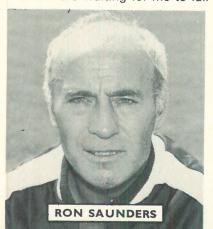
But after two years it becomes obvious United aren't going to get back to the top flight. I'm disappointed for the fans.

At 29 I need to be in the First once more. For the only time in my career I leave a club by my own choice. I take no medals away from St James's Park but I've proved I can play well in a struggling side.

### MAY, 1980— ASTON VILLA

I have six offers from Division One clubs. But Villa boss Ron Saunders convinces me that Villa is the club for me. He says I'm the last piece in his jigsaw. I believe Villa are on the threshold of great things.

Folk are waiting for me to fall



flat on my face. Opinion is that I had a lucky spell at Forest. I'm out to prove I can score goals in the First Division again.

### MAY, 1981 — FIRST DIVISION CHAMPIONSHIP

My faith in my own ability and Villa is justified. We win the title and I score 21 goals.

My success leads to an England call-up. I make my debut at Wembley against Brazil. A great night. Ironic to be playing the Brazilians because they were the first international side I ever saw. I remember watching them at Goodison Park in the 1966 World Cup when I was selling programmes.

### MAY, 1982— EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS

Aston Villa are in Rotterdam to face Bayern Munich in the European Cup final.

We lose 'keeper Jimmy Rimmer early on with back trouble. But Nigel Spink comes on and plays magnificently.

In the 66th minute Tony Morley breaks through down the left flank and crosses. The ball falls to me two yards away from goal, I sidefoot it home. Not the best goal I've scored but certainly the most important. We hold out after that goal. Aston Villa are champions of Europe.

### JUNE, 1982— THE WORLD CUP

My celebrations are shortlived in Rotterdam because I'm soon joining up with England to prepare for the World Cup in Spain.

Chosen for the final squad I



Wearing England's colour — a career highlight.

have achieved every professional footballer's ambition. In just 12 months I've gone from my first cap to the World Cup.

### **SEASON 1982-83**

It's just like all my previous years in football—full of ups and downs. We lose to Penarol in the World Club Championship, but beat Barcelona in the European Super Cup.

In the league campaign we fail to make a real challenge and none of the cups come our way either.

And finally our European Cup hopes end in our quarter final defeat by Juventus.

I end on a personal high note by scoring my first goal for England—against Hungary at Wembley. But in that game I break my cheek bone!

Highs and lows—that's the story of my football life. But I wouldn't have missed a minute.

Jubilation — as in goes the goal that won the European Cup for Villa.





# 







Away from the hurly-burly of the First Division, words like shooting and tackle have a different meaning for Sunderland stalwart SHAUN ELLIOTT.

He likes nothing better than spending a day away from it all with his gun and fishing tackle. It's a great way to relax between tension-ridden matches.



### AMMER W TTING THE HEADLINES

70's. Both were elegant mid-field players with an abundance of skill.

Alan Dickens could develop along similar lines to dominate the 80's at West Ham, although nobody at Upton Park—least of all Alan himself—will make any extravagant forecasts.

But Sunderland manager Alan Durban did describe him as the 'best judge of a goalscoring chance on the edge of the box since John Wark'. Dickens scored a 'cracker' against Sunderland—but also learned a lesson the hard way in the same game.

"We were 1-0 up and I had just scored a goal when my concentration went. I 'lost' my man at a set piece and he

went on to score the equaliser," admits Alan.

"That's the kind of thing you have to learn in the First Division. At that level you find your mistakes get punished heavily. I know I've still got a lot to learn, but I couldn't be in a better club to learn it."

His video recorder plays a big part in the football education of Alan Dickens. He tapes every match he can, and often hires films of out standing international matches.

"There's so much to learn from watching top players—like the Brazilians," he says. "They can do things that ordinary players wouldn't think of trying, and you can only get the ideas from watching them.

It's always the same in pre-season training at West

Ham—everybody is trying to play like the Brazilians or the continentals after watching the World Cup or European Championships or something on television. If you don't try things you'll never know what you can achieve."

Alan Dickens is determined to achieve quite a lot. He'll go back for extra training at West Ham just on his own, knocking a ball around in the indoor training area, volleying shots, practising wall-passes and developing his control.

Like Peters and Brooking he was born and brought up on West Ham's doorstep in the East End of London and played for Essex and London Boys teams before signing apprentice forms for West Ham. One of his schoolboy team-mates was Chelsea goalkeeper Steve Francis.

"We played for a side called Rippleway Newham in a Sunday League. It was a good side, and most of the boys signed on for professional clubs, but only Steve and myself

are still in the game," says Alan.

"As a schoolboy I used to play at centre-forward, and scored quite a few goals. But I like to be involved in the game a lot so I dropped back into mid-field."

Another school friend was fellow West Ham youngster Tony Cottee, who also made his first team debut last season.

" It was great to get into the side at the same time as Tony. I hope we can play for West Ham together for a long time," says Alan.

That's a sentiment echoed by everyone at Upton Park.

EW young players have made a more immediate impact on league football than West Ham's 18-year-old Alan Dickens. He had been on the field for only six minutes in his debut match at Notts County when he scored a brilliant goal. It was the kind of fairytale beginning that kids dream about. West Ham managed to win the match 2-1—and a new star was born.

Dickens went on to establish a regular first team place at Upton Park towards the end of last season with a string of

fine performances.

As he was filling the spot normally taken by England star Trevor Brooking, that inevitably brought comparisons and the tag of 'another Brooking'. But manager John Lyall and Dickens himself played things down.

" Alan has done very well in the side and shown a lot of good qualities. But he's very young and still has a lot to

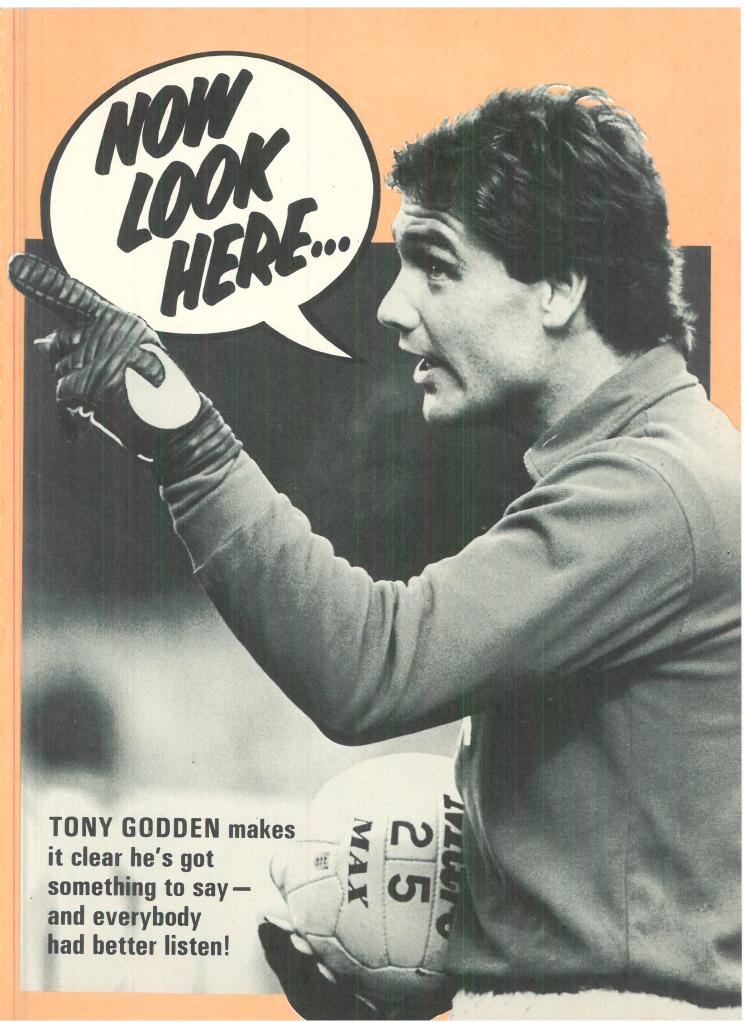
learn," said the West Ham boss.

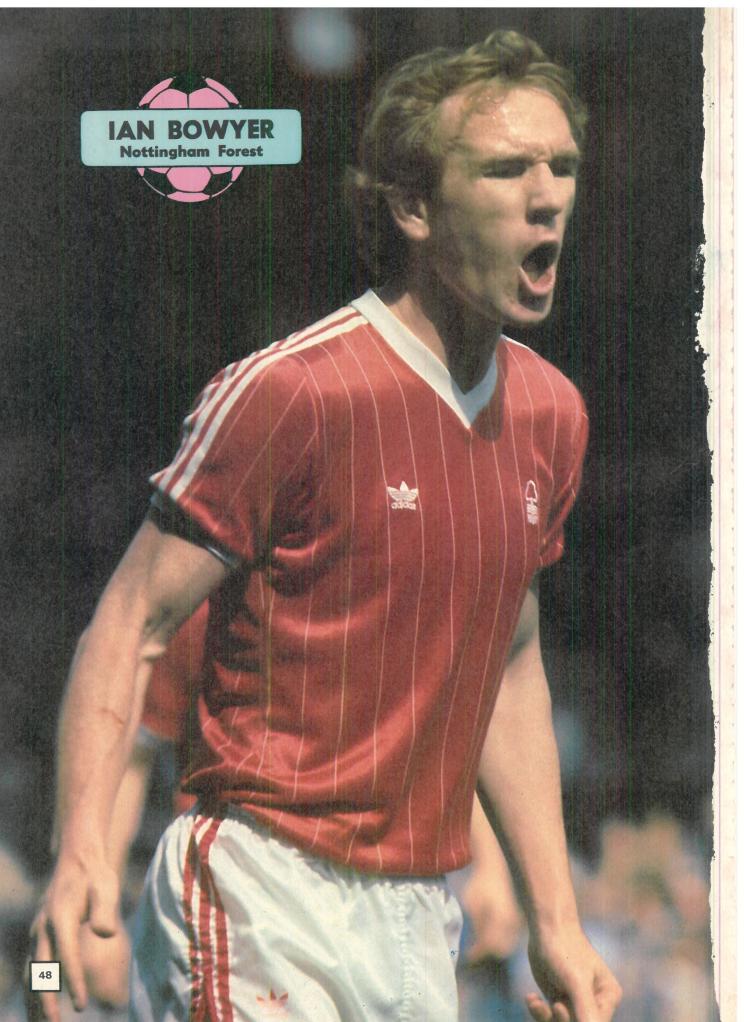
The similarities in style of Dickens and Brooking are coincidental.

"Trevor would be a great model for any young player to copy. But I honestly haven't tried to base my game on Trevor or anyone else," says Alan. " If I look a bit like Trevor that's

a big compliment-but it's unintentional."

In the 60's West Ham produced a young player called Martin Peters who went on to play a key role for England in the 1966 World Cup finals. Trevor Brooking emerged to play a dominant role for West Ham and England right through the







# STEVEN'S VERY



# SPECIAL DAY







# FOOTBALL

VE been all over the world to play football—Australia three times, India, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokio, most of Europe, the Middle East and America. But to me there's nowhere like the Dell at Southampton.

There's something about Southampton that attracts a footballer. They've never won the First Division Championship, and only once won the F.A. Cup, but just look at the players who have jumped at the chance to join the Saints in the last few years.

It's almost a "who's who" of football; Kevin Keegan, Peter Shilton, Mick Mills, Dave Watson, Mike Channon, Alan Ball are some of England's most capped players, and all but Mike Channon have captained England.

Then there are players like Charlie George, Chris Nicholl, Peter Osgood, Ted MacDougall and Phil Boyer. Very few other clubs can match those sort of names, let alone a "provincial" outfit like Southampton.

I can tell you why I joined Southampton. And it's probably the same reason that persuaded many of the others to come to the Dell. It's because Southampton play with a smile on their face. It's never grim and dour at the Dell. The players enjoy themselves.

It first struck me while I was at Middlesbrough. Every time I saw Southampton on television the players looked happy and smiling—and the goals always seemed to be flying in.

Sometimes they'd be on the wrong end of the goals, but it still seemed to be fun. The players were always ready to try something different. When the chance of a move to Southampton came along I jumped at it, and I've not been disappointed.

I remember one match when we had girl "cheer leaders" at a match. They danced around with giant pom-pom decorations about the size of a football.



During the game when we won a corner, Mike Channon went over to take it. He grabbed a pompom from one of the girls, smacked it down on the corner spot and centred it instead of the ball.

It was a bit of fun. the crowd loved it, the players enjoyed it. That's the way things are at Southampton. We take our football seriously, but it's still only a game. If the opposition are too good for us on the day, that's fair enough.

Southampton is a family type

club, very similar in many ways to my first club, Middlesbrough. The big difference is that Southampton can attract the big names and keep the young stars. Middlesbrough can produce good young players but they don't seem able to keep them. And of course the image is completely different. Middlesbrough were labelled a dour team in Jackie Charlton's day and the tag has

At the time, in fact, it wasn't true. When we won the Second Division title by a record margin,

# CAN BE FUN-

we played as much attacking football as any team in the country. We were just well organised.

I was very happy at 'Boro. In one spell I played 365 consecutive first team matches, and I couldn't have done that if I didn't love the place.

For the best part of nine years I didn't miss a match. I never used to think about it. I played from game to game. I just enjoyed playing football, and being paid for it was a bonus. After a few years people began to talk about records and so on, but it never worried me.

During spells when I was having a bad time I told manager John Neal to drop me—but he never did. He felt the team was better with me in it, and if he

my football at Southampton, I did have some great times with Middlesbrough. I saw the world with them.

One trip led to what must be a unique experience in world football. I must be the only player substituted in an international match because of "jet-lag"! It came about in 1980, when Middlesbrough were on a Far-East tour, and England had an international match arranged in Australia.

Although it was a full international with caps awarded, it was virtually an England "B" squad that made the trip, and I was picked. The F.A. agreed that as I was on tour with 'Boro, I should make my own way from Japan.

This was my time-table for the

my ambitions to get to Wembley at club level.

The biggest thrill for me would be the pleasure it would give my family and friends. I am an unemotional person, a bit reserved and shy. But I do enjoy giving my family something to get excited about.

When I played at Wembley for England against West Germany last season I'm sure it meant more to them than it did to me. I love playing for England. I want to be in Bobby Robson's squad. But I try to take things in my stride and keep everything low-key.

It certainly didn't worry me that my first match for the full England team was against the Germans, with Rummenigge and other world class players. I don't

### -so says DAVID ARMSTRONG, Southampton

wanted me in, I was happy to play.

On occasions I wasn't 100 per cent fit. Again I left it to the manager. I told him I was only 80 percent fit, and if he still wanted me to play I got on with it.

I remember a quarter-final Cup tie with Wolves. I collected a huge gash on the ankle, and had to be carried off to have 18 stitches put in the cut. Then I went back on and made an equalising goal.

I played in the replay with my ankle smothered in bandages—all for nothing. We lost 3-1.

Because of that long run of matches—and because of my bald head—people think I've been around for ever. But I'm only 28, and hopefully only just at my peak. At one time I was a bit sensitive about losing my hair, but now it doesn't bother me.

If I hear the fans shouting and calling me "baldy" I know I must be doing something to get me noticed!

Although I have really enjoyed

trip. Friday night left Tokio to fly through the night to arrive Saturday morning in Sydney. A couple of hours' sleep in the hotel then a training session with the squad. Back to bed for an hour or two, then off to the match.

Saturday evening, play the match—and after an hour the travelling catches up with me. I get substituted suffering from jetlag.

The travelling didn't end there. Monday night I flew back to Tokio. Tuesday night I played for Middlesbrough in the Japan Cup—beating Espanol of Spain 1-0—and on Wednesday flew home to England. That was the most hectic few days of my life, but I enjoyed it.

The travelling around the world has given me most of my thrills because so far I've not won very much from football.

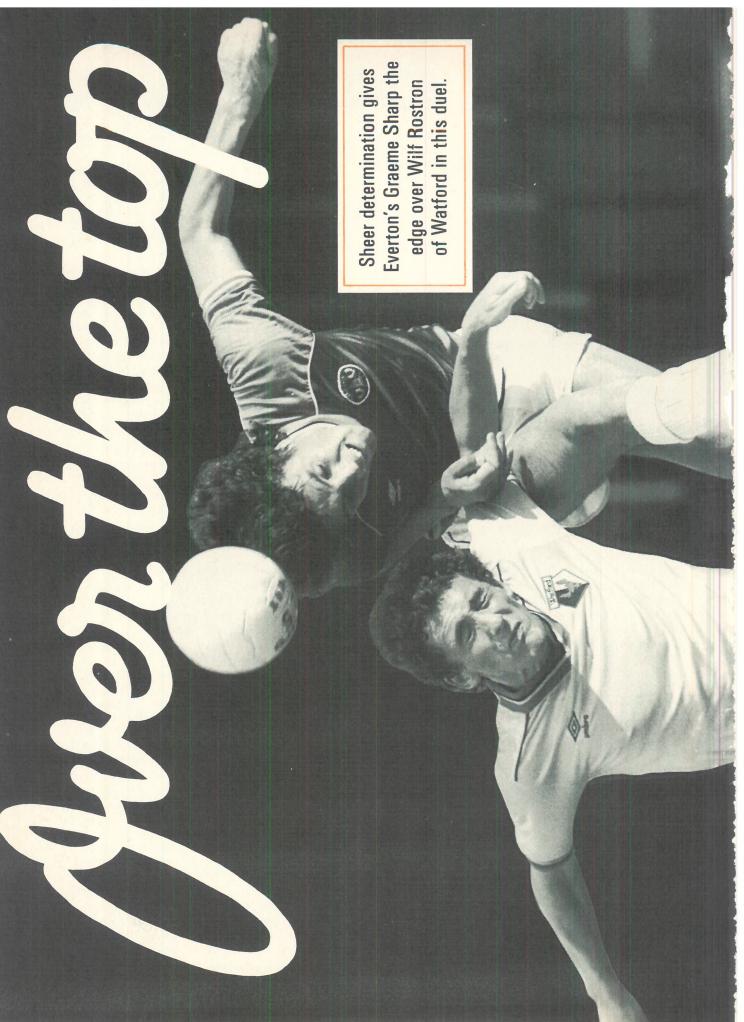
One Second Division Championship medal at 'Boro and a couple of England caps. I've never been further than the F.A. Cup quarter-final and it's one of really give the opposition much thought for any match. I like to let them worry about me, not the other way round.

I really believe that Southampton can win honours in the next year or two. We've got that blend of youth and experience that makes successful teams.

There are no better prospects than lads like Danny Wallace, Mark Wright, Reuben Agboola and Steve Moran. They can become as big names as any of the international players who have joined Southampton in the past.

I believe if we'd had Kevin Keegan last season we would have challenged Liverpool for the Championship. As it was his sudden departure upset all our plans and it took us a few months to settle down.

The future is bright, and you can be sure of one thing. We shall continue to enjoy our football at Southampton. The club with a smile on its face.



THE frozen wastes of the Yorkshire moors are the last place you would expect to find a party of professional footballers spending the night.

But if you play for Sheffield Wednesday, and results are going against you, that is the type of ordeal you may have to undergo.

Wednesday's trainer/coach, Tony Toms believes in turning boys into physically fit men—the hard way. So, a survival trip out in the open was his answer to a run of bad results.

Wednesday, of course, have been pushing for promotion to the First Division in recent seasons. But Tony remembers the club crisis which inspired the change of routine.

"A few seasons ago we were struggling to avoid relegation," he says. "I decided something drastic would have to be done. So I took the first team up to the moors."

Consequently, the party of 15 players arrived for a 24-hour stint of training and sleeping rough in the wilds. Being footballers, the trip had its lighter moments.

"Before setting off, I had stressed that it was to be an exercise in survival," adds Tony.

"I ordered that nobody was bring tents as we'd be sleeping in the open.

"Of course, we had a comedian amongst the bunch. One of the players, Neil O'Donnell, arrived with a Wendy House!

"That was discarded, and was mysteriously destroyed by fire during the night!

"Part of the exercise was not to allow the lads a full night of unbroken sleep. I woke them every hour, on the hour, for a two-mile run. The temperature was five degrees below zero.

"Though they were well wrapped up, it was a real shock to their systems. None of them had been used to that sort of living.

"The lads were stunned to wake up and discover their eyebrows and moustaches were frozen stiff. So was the drinking water we'd brought along.

"There were plenty of moans and grumbles but, typically, they did what was asked of them and passed the survival test without mishap. The exercise must have done them some good. We won our next eight matches and escaped relegation."

Being an ex-Commando, Tony knows how to push his players to the limit.

Pre-season training for Wednesday has included a trip to a Commando training centre near Exmouth.

One of the activities during the week's stay was a gruelling obstacle course, which included hauling themselves over a river on a rope, wading waist-high through a swamp and swimming through a tunnel completely filled with inky-black water.

"Manager Jack Charlton, is always keen on those events and participates in a number of different activities," says Tony. "His presence usually makes the players more determined. They always want to beat the boss."

Another of Tony's training exercises during the week is a series of five- and ten-yard

sprints lasting approximately 40 minutes.

"Over-all, the players will cover 3000 yards, roughly the distance a player will sprint during a match," he goes on. "In order to assimilate match conditions, the runs incorporate heading, dribbling, tackling and passing."

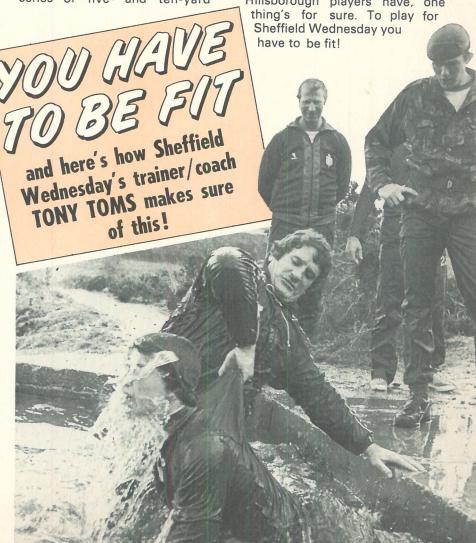
The Wednesday players are also likely to encounter Commando-style training as a mid-season variation to their usual work-outs.

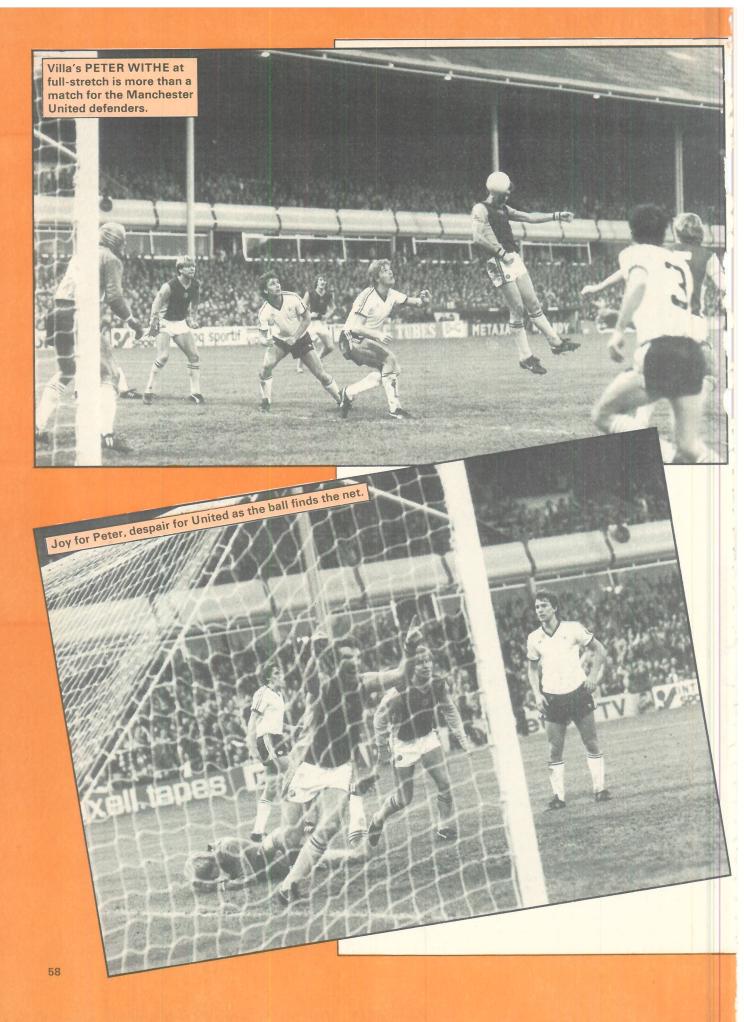
Tony regards the Exmouth course as too tough for mid-season, however so be puts them

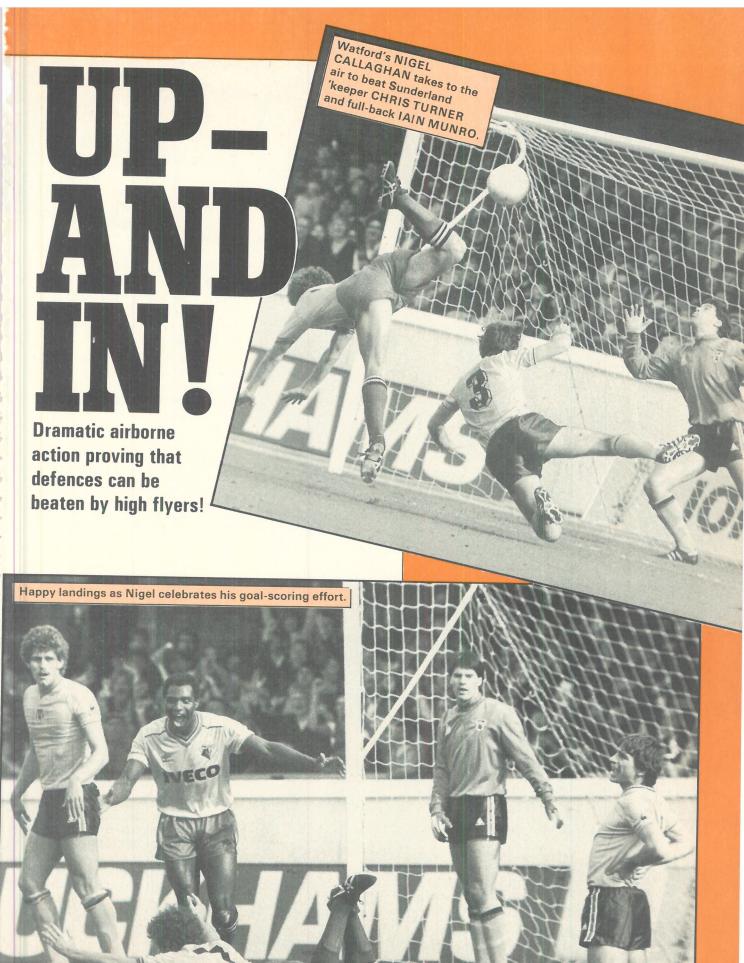
season, however, so he puts them through a less gruelling assault course. Obstacles to be negotiated include monkey bars, eight-foot walls, rope ladders, etc.

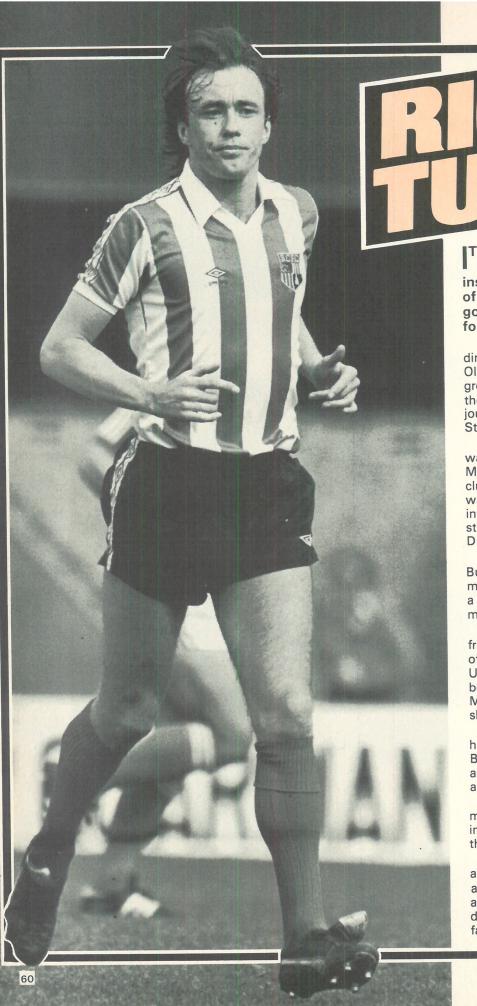
"I can guarantee to improve what I call the players' 4-S's—stamina, speed, strength and suppleness," says Tony. "The fifth S—skill—can only be sharpened by playing football."

Whatever skills the Hillsborough players have, one thing's for sure. To play for









T took me a long time to get used to turning right instead of left at the bottom of the road. After all, I'd been going in the other direction for 13 years.

I used to point my car in the direction of Manchester. Towards Old Trafford or the United training ground, The Cliff. Now I head for the motorway and the 45-minute journey to the Victoria Ground, Stoke.

For a while I wondered what I was doing. I'd been with Manchester United—the biggest club in the land—and there I was travelling to Stoke and involving myself in a relegation struggle at the foot of the First Division.

It seemed quite a step down.
But it was obvious the United manager didn't fancy me much as a player and Stoke were offering me regular first team football.

After Ron Atkinson took over from Dave Sexton in the summer of 1981, I never felt settled in the United side. The new manager bought Bryan Robson and Remi Moses for the midfield. I was shunted out on to the left wing.

Eventually I was told there had been an offer from Richie Barker, the Stoke boss. I must admit I was not too enthusiastic at first.

I'd always been involved in big matches, playing with top players in front of the best supporters in the country.

But I soon realised my future at United was limited. Here was a good chance to move to another First Division outfit and it didn't mean I had to uproot my family.

The change of direction that gave Stoke's SAMMY McILROY a new lease of life.

I'd been living in Manchester since I came over from Belfast at 15. It was my second home. At 16 I met my wife Cynthia. Our children were all settled at school. All our friends were from the area.

Being able to continue living there and simply pop down the motorway each day for training was the factor that swayed me into saying 'yes' to Richie Barker.

We stayed up that season and what a contrast 1982-83 was. The manager brought in some more new players. Mickey Thomas, an old Manchester United colleague of mine, was bought from Brighton. George Berry was signed from Wolves and Mark Chamberlain was

picked up from Stoke's neighbours, Port Vale.

We started playing some marvellous football. Everyone was talking about us. People in Manchester, when I returned home, would comment about how good Stoke looked on the box.

The TV cameras were regular visitors to the Victoria Ground. At a time when gates were tumbling we actually increased our average home crowd.

Mark Chamberlain was so impressive he was capped by England. Another youngster, Paul Bracewell, forced his way into the Under-21 squad. Suddenly the Potteries had a very good team.

When I'd signed for the club I knew I was facing a completely different challenge to those I'd faced at Old Trafford. The events of last season convinced me I hadn't made a mistake when I threw in with City.

I must admit I'd not been too sure what I was getting into football-wise at first, but it soon became clear that it was a great move for me. I've really enjoyed helping build the team and also helping to please our supporters. They have really backed us to the hilt in our attacking approach.

It's the sort of up-and-at-'em style that was so successful for Tommy Docherty for a few years when he was manager at United.

That was really enjoyable football to play. We just pushed everyone forward when we attacked, pulled everyone back when we defended.

United went to Wembley twice under the Doc. Just a couple of highlights in a marvellous career for me at Old Trafford.

I was in the team at 17, scored on my debut, played alongside all-time greats like Denis Law, George Best and Bobby Charlton.

The media always wanted to tag me "the New Best" or "the New Law" but I was a completely different type of player to both.

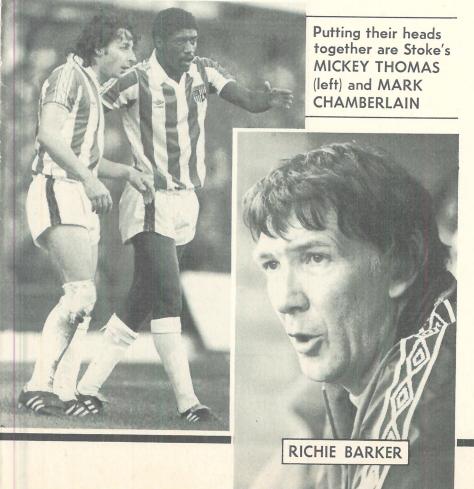
I tried to keep my feet on the ground and not get carried away with any of the publicity. It wasn't too hard because I feel I'm a pretty down-to-earth sort of lad.

Tommy Docherty was the one who gave me a regular first team spot, converting me from a striker into a midfield man after the 1976 FA Cup Final against Southampton.

I stayed in United's midfield for the rest of the Doc's time in charge and then under Dave Sexton. It was only after Ron Atkinson took over that I felt I wasn't really wanted.

When that time comes for any player you have to move on. I probably chose Stoke mainly because it was convenient but it turned out to be a fine move as far as my career was concerned. I probably needed something new and the transfer gave me a change of direction.

Literally so, as I now have to turn the car away from Old Trafford in the mornings. It took me a while to get United out of my system, but my mind is 100 per cent. with Stoke now.



### LIVERPOOL DIAMOND

	L	erpool helps complete the owing diamond—				
	1	Anderson to his Forest teammates (3) Former England team				
		V		manager (5) They're the Gunners. (7)		
		E			The soldiers' team (9)	
		R				
		P			Is Frank a leading light with	
		0		West Ham? (7) They transferred Garth Crooks		
		0	to Spurs (5) Nickname for an Aberdeen or Wimbledon player (3)			
		L				

### **LETTER LINKS**

Start with the letter in the top left-hand corner, then move down, across or diagonally. To spot the names of nine players who have represented England, Northern Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

S	N	0	5	B	E	N	A	P	C
H	T	R	0	N	5	H	P	0	E
A	C	A	R	R	M	L	E	S	D
M	N	K	A	S	T	L	E	T	
R	A	E	R	A	R	G	U	H	1
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### **ACROSS**

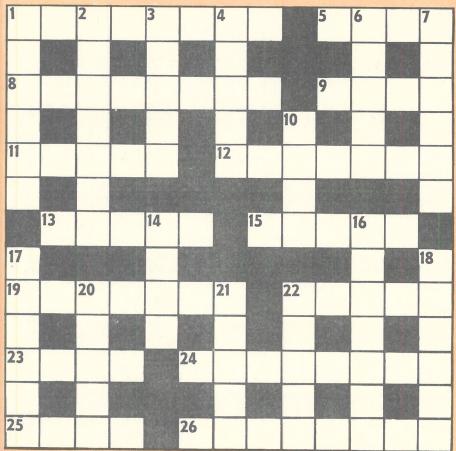
- 1 Liverpool's ex-Celt (8)
- 5 Where Phil Neal's bang on! (4)
- 8 Take it in turn by moving into rota! (8)
- 9 Mobile Newcastle goalkeeper? (4)
- 11 Bedeck and upset Ron! (5)
- 12 Team with always a heavy load to carry? (7)
- 13 This weather can put off matches (5)
- 15 World Cup hat-trickster (5)
- 19 Home at the Vicarage (7)
- 22 Sounds as if sailors make up this team? (5)
- 23 Sunderland, Derby, Everton, Birmingham, Forest are his clubs (4)
- 24 Darlington's home (8)
- 25 One across is an Anfield one! (4)
- 26 He went from 'Boro to Liverpool (8)

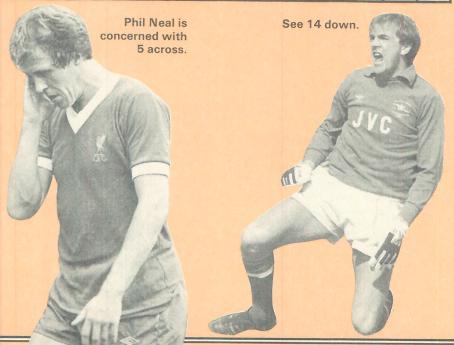
### DOWN

- 1 South African football manager? (6)
- 2 High hopes can lead to this (3-4)
- 3 Meet them at Kenilworth Road (5)
- 4 The club that discovered Stanley Matthews (5)
- 6 Irish goalkeeper (5)
- 7 Ron's in the football crowd! (6)
- 10 Country who play pure football? (4)
- 14 Scotland man between the goalposts (4)
- 16 West Ham penalty ace (7)
- 17 Substitute at the touch of a button! (6)
- 18 Brighton and Northern Ireland defender. (6)
- 20 Ex-Newcastle and Coventry player from another period? (5)
- 21 Maradona's first (5)
- 22 Cool cat on City's side (5)

# ED2

YOU WILL BE IF YOU TACKLE THESE!





### FOUR LETTER WORDS

Can you fill in the gaps and name 17 "caps"? The clues (from top to bottom) are—

Did this "Paddy" grow in the Far East?
Did England's Peter have a long neck?
Sounds like a Scottish gamble.
Colin rang it for England.
John of Ipswich and Scotland.

Sounds finished but Jimmy was Scots Wembley Wizard in 1928.

Brothers Eddie and Frank. Search for Roger among World Cup winners.

Peter of St Mirren, Aberdeen and Scotland.

Colin's not totally uneven. Alfie played for Rangers, Celtic, Spurs. Phil seldom has a lean spell.

Alan's had one throughout long career.
Gordon climbed to heights with
Manchester United and England.
Shin injury might upset David.
Georgie.

Lad in a hurry.

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ANSWERS ON P.124

# THE HARTFORD COLOURFUL REMINDERS OF THE

MANCHESTER CITY and Scotland star Asa Hartford never has any trouble in reminding himself of his football travels. He just gets out his collection of matchboxes, gathered from hotels and restaurants around

matchbox for every occasion.

"All told, I have amassed about 200 of them," said Asa as he surveyed the colourful display.
"In most cases I don't understand the language of the writing on the box. But usually I just have to pick one up and it reminds me of a particular trip.

world. Asa has a

"This one came from my very first Scotland tour in June 1972," he went on, selecting one from the pile. "I was only 21, Tommy Docherty was the Scotland manager, and I'd just won my first international cap in April.

"The Scotland squad were flying out to Brazil, and there had been a number of enforced calloffs by other players.

"I was called up as a late replacement. It was the last thing I expected. In fact, I was due to get married the day before the squad left.

"I brought my wedding forward by a week and had a brief honeymoon before I went off to join Denis Law, Willie Morgan and the others."

Another dip into the collection brought out a second South American matchbox.

"That came from Scotland's 1977 tour, when we played against Chile, Argentina and Brazil," he continued. "It had its amusing and frightening moments.

"When we arrived in Argentina, we found the security forces were using our arrival as a dress rehearsal for the World Cup finals the following year.

"As we drove through the streets in the team coach, we had a massive military escort. From time to time, cars would draw alongside the coach, with passengers hanging out the windows aiming rifles at us.

"It turned out they were security men acting the part, so that the troops could have practice in dealing with terrorists in case the real thing occurred during the World Cup.

"I shared a hotel room with winger Willie Johnston. Just before the Argentina game, he told me he had spoken to his mother on the phone.

"She'd had a premonition that something awful was going to happen, and warned him to be careful. The match itself was a very physical affair, as we'd expected.

"A few days earlier, the home side had played against England during their series of World Cup warm-ups. In that game Trevor Cherry was sent off along with Bertoni of Argentina.

"As our game came to a close, Willie was involved in a fracas with an Argentine player, who'd spat in his face. Willie was completely innocent. He kept his cool and didn't retaliate.

"But the crowd was baying for blood, and the referee sent both players off—probably to appease the fans. Afterwards, Willie just said to me, 'I told you so.'

FOOTBALL TRAVELS OF ASA HARTFORD

"After that match, we moved on to Brazil. In the hotel, on the day of the match, goalkeeper Alan Rough took what he thought was an Aspirin to combat a headache.

"Turned out it was a sleeping tablet. He played most of the match feeling decidedly groggy. We lost 2-0. One of the shots which beat Alan was a Zico freekick from outside the box.

"He's always liable to score from those positions, of course. But I'm sure Alan won't take offence if I say he looked pretty sleepy!"

As a reckons he could probably write a book about his experiences, with his matchboxes to remind him.

He shuffled through an array of specimens from Japan, Czechoslovakia, Nigeria, the United States, and many other countries.

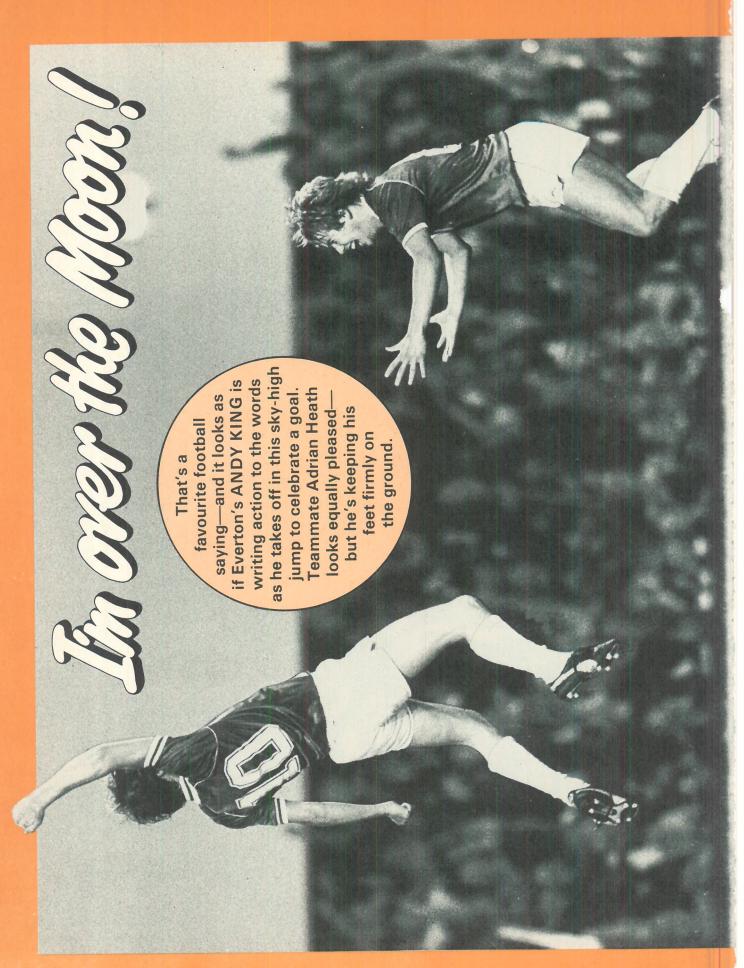
"I don't quite know how the hobby started," he explained. "I think I just absent-mindedly picked up a matchbox in a hotel and it grew from there."

Asa, of course, is a nonsmoker. So what does he do with all the matches?

"We use them around the house, for lighting the fire, etc," he said. "I always make sure the boxes are empty before adding them to my collection.

"The last thing I want are accidents caused by a lot of matches being stored together, especially with a young family in the house."





GARY STEVENS
Everton

HAFNIA



Gerry Armstrong didn't get much fan mail during his spell with Tottenham or in his first year and a half with Watford, despite being a Northern Ireland international. But that was before the 1982 World Cup made him an overnight world football celebrity. Now, 18 months later, the letters still roll in from football fans around the world.

" Dear Gerry,

I think you are one of the best players in the world, please can you send me an autographed photo . . .

That's the general theme of Armstrong's mail—but not always. This is the letter he cherishes from a fan in Ghana.

Dear Friend,

I say bravo and well done (for the Irish performances in Spain). The reason of writing is in actual fact I really admire you and would like to have you as a friend, brother and everything. I watch T.V. when Watford is playing, and loses my food when you are beaten.

In fact you're impeccable, creative, audacious and ubiquitous. I would like you to send me some shaving cream and hair growing cream or pomade, some of your pictures, the group pictures of Watford and Northern Ireland. I also need magazines and books about soccer.

Please, I need your help badly, also request you send me boots size 81/2, old jerseys to train with, track suits, pants, hoses, anklets, sports shoes or training shoes, sports shirts, T-shirts, and travelling bag.

The letter—from an Isaac Joe Armail—ended . . .

Long live Gerry Armstrong and family

Long live all Irish.

Long live Ghana-Ireland friendship. Long live Watford.

'The whole thing was incredible. I couldn't believe it when I read the letter." says Gerry. " I took it to the club for the lads to read, and everybody fell about in the dressing room, particularly Luther Blissett.

"Next day Luther said to me, 'you're not going to believe this-but I've got exactly the same letter from Isaac Joe!'

"It was impossible for me to send all that stuff to Ghana, so I just sent him an autographed photo. A few weeks later I got another letter from Isaac Joe saying, 'thank you very much for my signed photo, but where is my shaving cream and everything else I wanted?' I still get a laugh every time I read those letters."

His fan mail really brought home to Gerry the international impact of the World Cup finals. For a period he was getting 50 letters a week, and a large proportion were from abroad.

"I got letters from all over the place—West Germany, Czechoslovakia, France, Greece, South Africa, Austria, Scandinavia, Poland, Saudi Arabia." says Gerry. "Most of them just saying 'well done' and asking for autographs or photos. It was through all the letters that I realised just what Northern Ireland had achieved in the World

"People all over the world had taken notice of us. It was marvellous to get that kind of from foreign recognition countries.

"There were only two European countries I didn't get a letter from after the World Cup-Spain and Yugoslavia, the two teams we played in the opening group. We beat Spain and drew with Yugoslavia, so perhaps their fans weren't too

"I wasn't worried about not getting mail from Spain. Some of the tackles in that match were diaholical

"It was the only match in the World Cup when I didn't swap my shirt afterwards. One of their players asked me but I refused. I didn't want a Spanish shirt after the way they behaved!"

Gerry's performances in Spain could have earned him a transfer to Greece with a 'name your own

price 'contract.

A letter from a Demetrious Harry in Athens said . . .

"I am very enjoyed where I communicate with you. I have informed for you that you are a very good player, and many clubs interest for you, and if you want playing in Greece. The Greek football will obey to you if you come to play here. You will be a teacher for our players. The climate is hot, the winter small. You must send me your telephone number..."

But Gerry decided he was happy at Watford!

One of the letters that gave him most pleasure came from Ireland, from the mother of a little boy who had been knocked down in a car accident.

Prior to the World Cup, on a trip to Ulster, Gerry, Martin O'Neill, Jim Platt and Eamonn Largy of Cliftonville tape-recorded a message for the youngster, who was in a coma. His mother played the tape non-stop to him, and in time he came out of the coma and fully recovered.

"The letter from his mother saying the boy was getting better, and thanking me for my help in making the tape, made me as happy as doing well in the World Cup." says Gerry.

One letter, from a Spurs supporter, was written in verse. Now the football feast is over, World Cup '82 is gone,

But in 22 proud Irish hearts fond memories linger on,

How they fought and battled all the way, they were heroes every one, And none braver than a Belfast lad by the name of Gerry Armstrong.

After several more verses the poem ended . . .

So if you're fed up with your lot, and promotion hopes have gone

And you're in life's Second Division, and things alway seem to turn out wrong,

Don't you despair, just hang in there, better days will come along,

Just remember World Cup 82 and what happened to Gerry Armstrong.

And another letter came from Ireland's Poet Laureate, Arthur C. Clarke, who wrote a special poem in honour of Gerry Armstrong — 'Mr Magic'.

It began . . .

Gerry, I find this a great pleasure, To put you in verse today, A gentleman in football In a down-to-earth kind of way.

And ended . . .

Seeing you playing on television In that glorious Spanish game I like millions of others was thrilled Watching a player of World class acclaim.

Just before I close my verse, Gerry, I will never forget that day When you took your dream out to Spain,

To the strains of Gerry Armstrong, ole '.

The letters and 'phone calls from Ireland obviously meant a lot to Gerry, especially as they came from both sides of the border.

"My mother got as many letters at home in Belfast as I did, some of them just addressed to 'Mrs Armstrong, Gerry's mother'." says Gerry.

"She was inundated with phone calls from just about everybody who's ever known us. She kept a note of everybody who called and sent it on to me. There were calls from relatives, friends, neighbours, all kinds of people."

Though the fan mail has dropped off somewhat in the last few months, the letters still arrive at the Watford ground for Gerry Armstrong, among them a steady stream from Germany, with Frankfurt a regular postmark.

'I don't know the reason for that. Perhaps because I answered the first few and sent autographs and photos, all their mates write to me as well." suggests Gerry modestly. " A lot of my mail from Sweden and Denmark addressed to 'Gary' Armstrong, I don't know where that comes from. I have also had a few addressed to Joseph Armstrong, but I can understand that—my full name is Joseph Gerard Armstrong, and they must have spotted it in an official hand-out somewhere.

"One or two letters I've had

have enclosed a great batch of photos of other Watford players for me to get signed, but not even enclosing one of me!

"We set aside an hour or so at the club once a week to sign autographs, but the big problem is getting hold of enough photos to send out."

There was one letter from a girl fan who made sure she got Gerry's name right—in a four page letter she wrote his name 36 times!

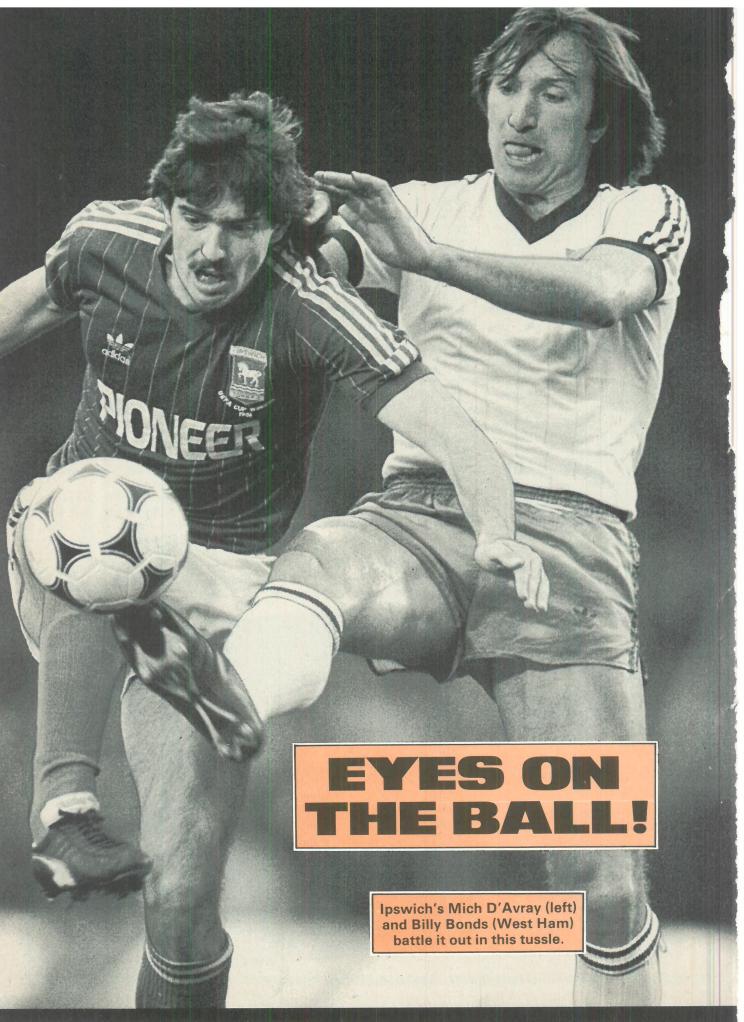
Some are very flattering—like the one from South Africa which said, 'I believe you are the best centre-forward in the world, and your goal against Spain was the best goal of the tournament.'

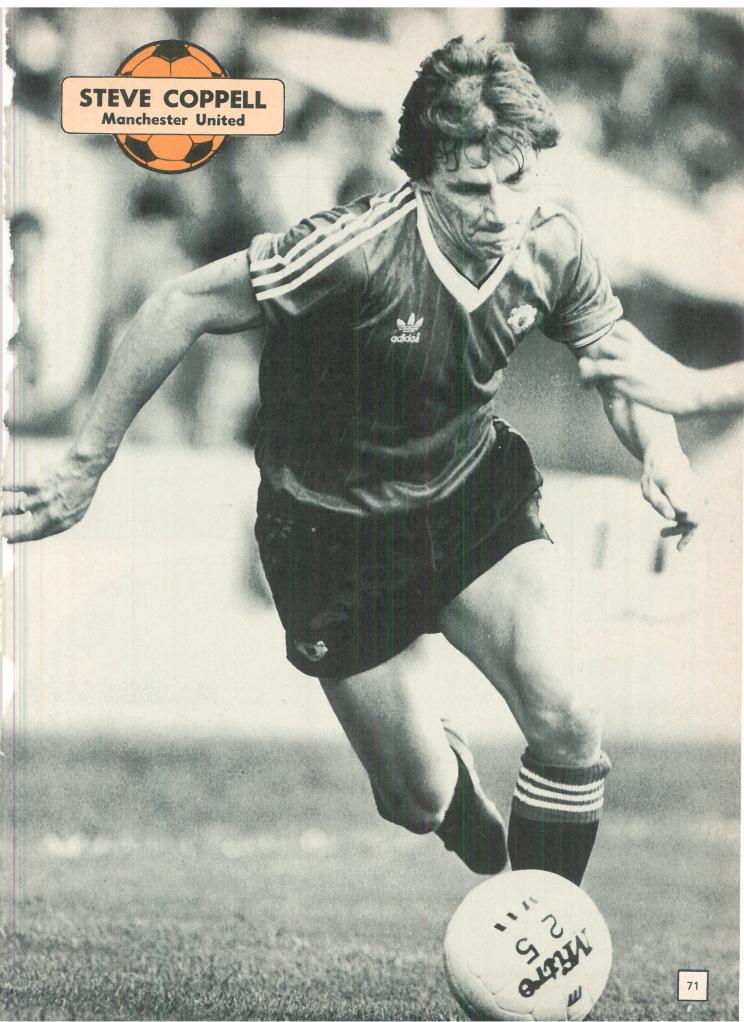
All the letters illustrate the impact made by Northern Ireland during the World Cup, and Gerry Armstrong treasures every one.

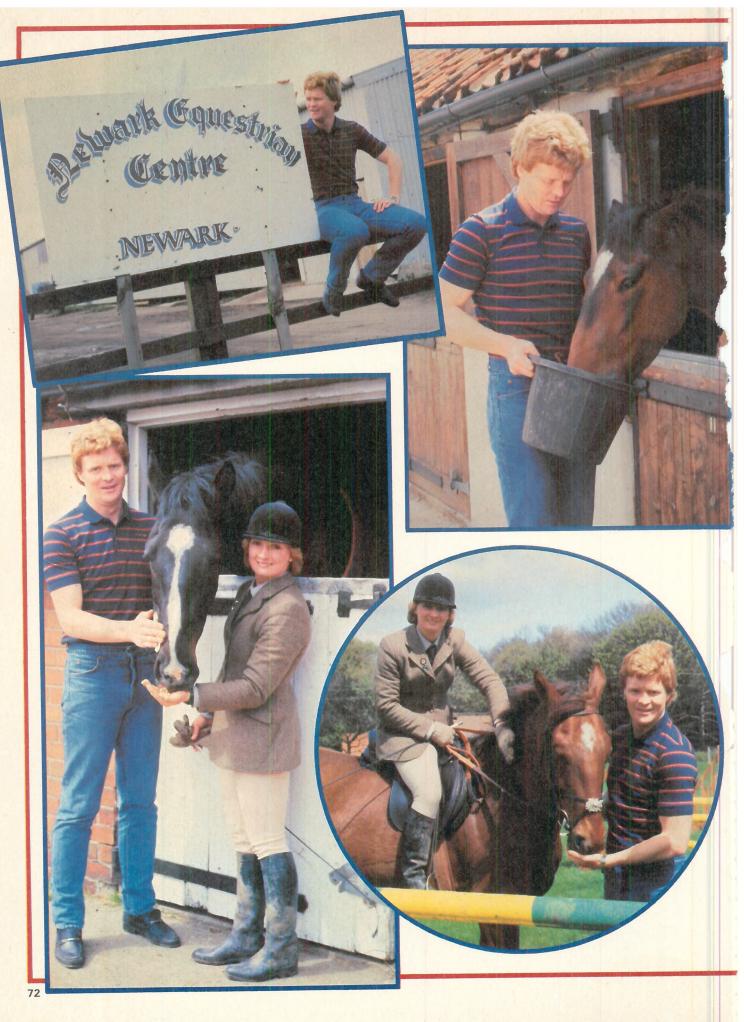
"It's been hard work for me and my wife, Anne, to reply to the letters, but I have really appreciated them all." says Gerry. "It's been a great personal pleasure to get so many letters because it shows that people really take notice.

"Nobody can take away my memories of the World Cup. It's all history now, and I'm concentrating now on improving my game with Watford, but I can relive it any time I want through my letters. I hope they never stop coming."









# BOOTS & SAIDILES

When giant centre half, Willie Young, finishes training, his routine for the rest of the day is vastly different to that of his teammates.

It's unlikely that he'll change into golfing gear for an afternoon on the links.

Instead, he'll be heading for his farmhouse home 23 miles from Nottingham—and the first thing he's likely to change into is a pair of wellies!

The Youngs prefer the outdoor life. They are surrounded by acres of countryside, and their front window looks out onto a courtyard fringed by stables.

It's a home which they've turned into a thriving business—the Newark Equestrian Centre. But Willie is the first to admit that he's not the driving force behind the venture.

"My wife, Lynda, is the one who puts all the energy into organising the centre," he says. "I confine myself mostly to the heavy work and odd-jobs, such as building new stables or putting up fences in the arena."

In just over a year (since April, 1982), they have made the centre one of the most popular in the country.

"We hold two shows a week, attended by enthusiasts from all over England,", Willie goes on. "Others come for riding lessons, or just to hire a pony for a hack across the fields.

"This has been an ambition which we've harboured for a number of years. We both come from a background which suits this kind of life.

"Lynda has been riding horses since the age of six and represented Scotland in showjumpng events as a junior.

"For my part, I was brought up on arable farms in the Edinburgh area. Although there were no horses around me then, I'm used to the country life.

"When I was playing for Arsenal, we thought about finding a site which would be suitable for a riding school.

"Two things stopped us. Firstly, the high price of property in the London area."

"In the second place, I wanted to be sure of a secure

### The off-the-field life of WILLIE YOUNG

future with one club before undertaking a big project.

"The problem was, my contract at Highbury was due to end, and I had a wrangle with manager Terry Neill in trying to get a new one.

"I wanted a long-term contract—one which would keep me at Arsenal, and living in the same area, for a lengthy period.

"Terry was only prepared to offer me a short-term contract. By the time he changed his mind, I was already well under way with negotiations to sign for Forest.

"My dispute with Arsenal had gone too far for me to turn back. I moved to Nottingham."

Instead of looking for a house near his new club, as most players

do, Willie and Lynda immediately turned their attentions towards a riding centre.

"When we found the one near Newark, it was perfect," Willie continues.

"It had 20 stables and sufficient land on which to build an indoor and outdoor arena, both of which are now in operation.

"We've also gradually built up the stable, and now have around 45 horses and ponies.

"I must confess I don't know much about horses, but with Lynda in charge, the business is in very good hands.

"She devotes most of her day to the centre and has six girls and one head stable lad who help her with the animals and teaching."

What about Willie's own riding lessons?

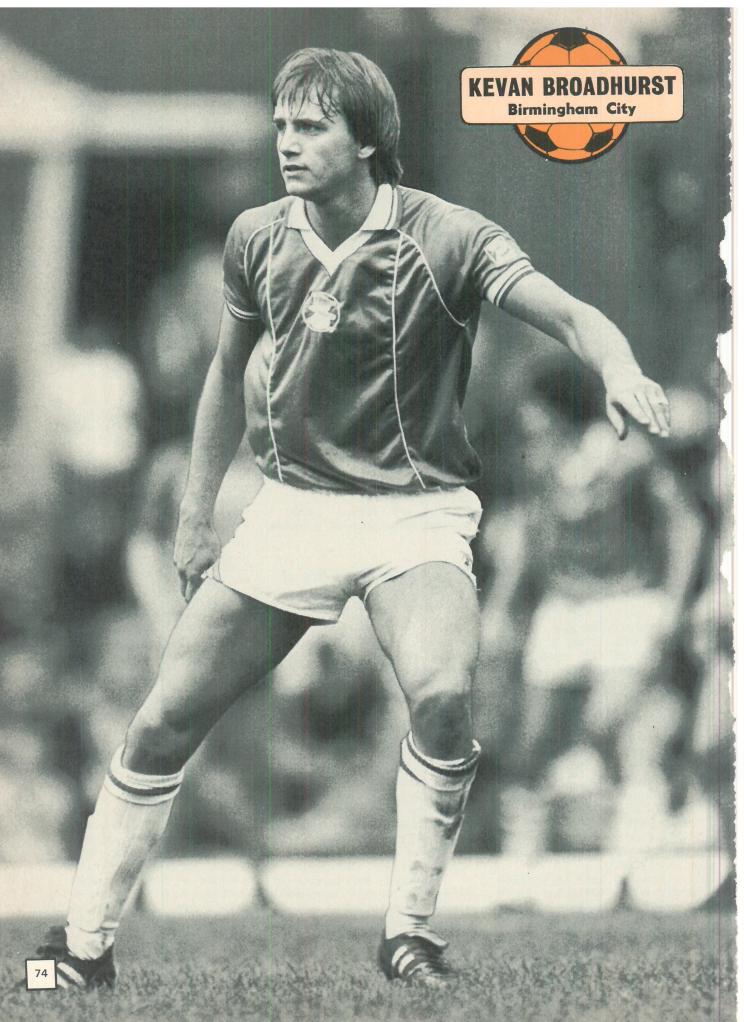
"I'm not quite as keen as Lynda," he confesses. "However, I like to take a horse out now and again, and have a trek across the country.

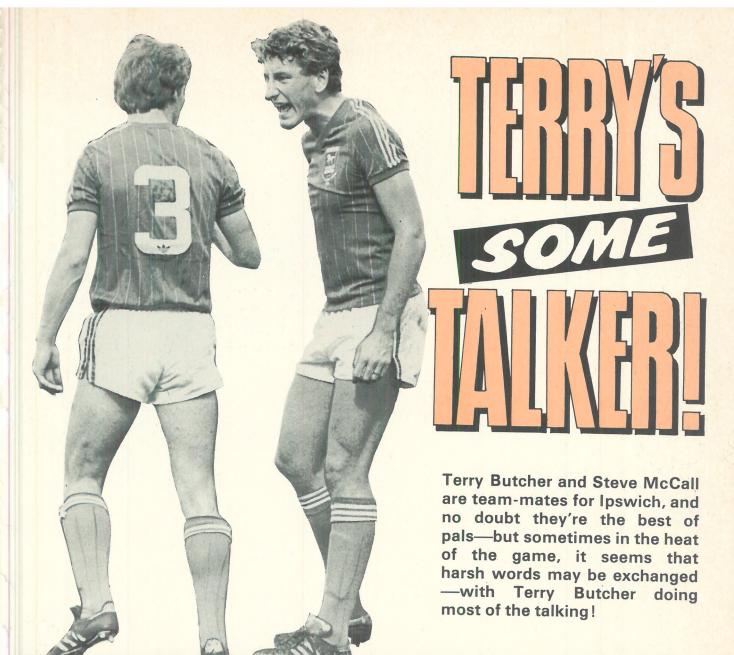
"Not so much during the football season. Last term (1982-83) I was nursing a niggly injury during most of the campaign.

"It wasn't serious enough to keep me out of the side, but too much horse-riding could easily have aggravated it.

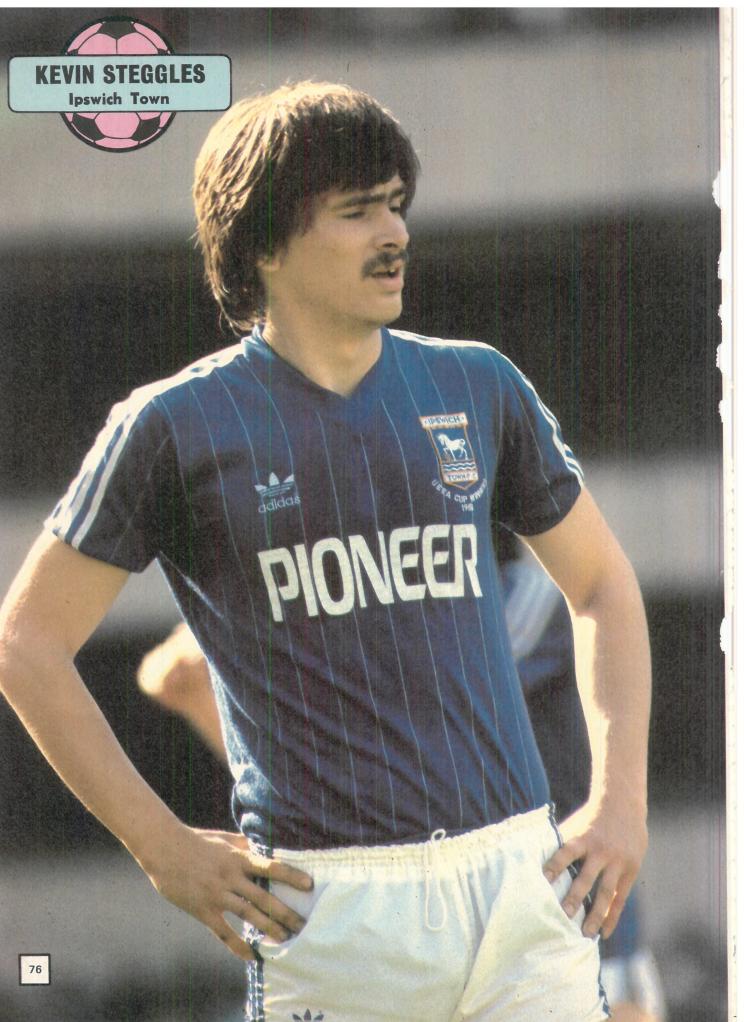
"During the close-season, though, I'm a regular on horseback. I find it very relaxing.

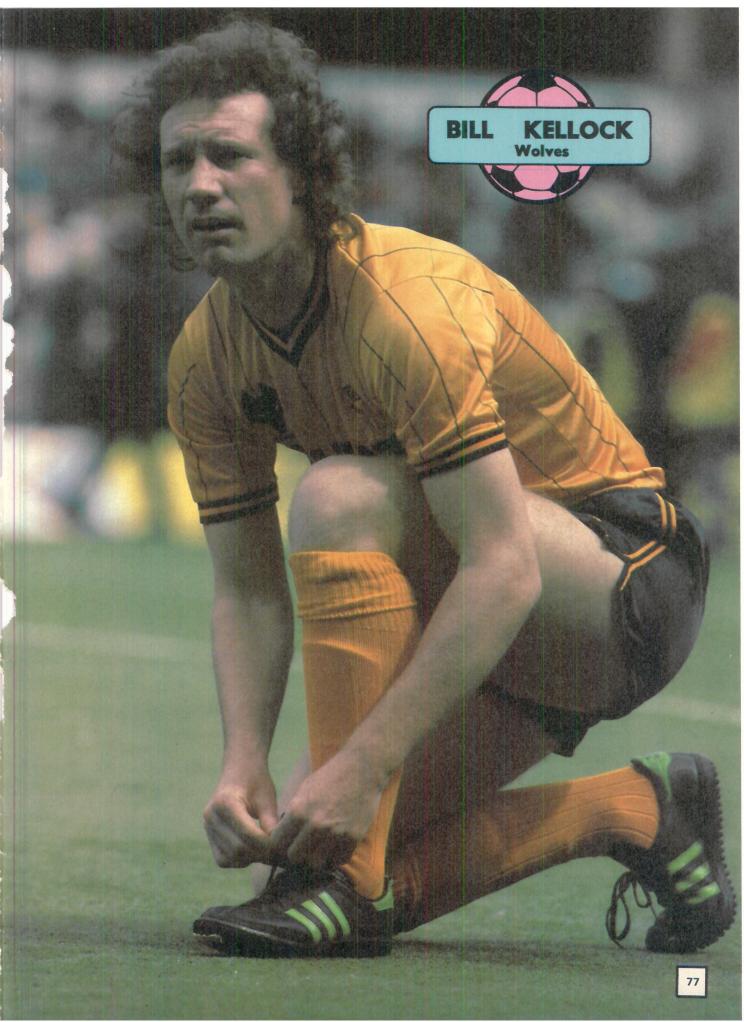
"More than that, I never have to worry about my waistline during the summer. The gentle exercise of riding a horse is sufficient just to keep me in the right shape. I can guarantee I'll report for pre-season training in tip-top condition."











Arsenal's STEWART ROBSON remembers his red letter day

FEW years ago cricket was my favourite sport. When I was 13 I used to dream about going Australia in a touring team, and imagine facing up to Dennis Lillee Thomson in a vital Test match.

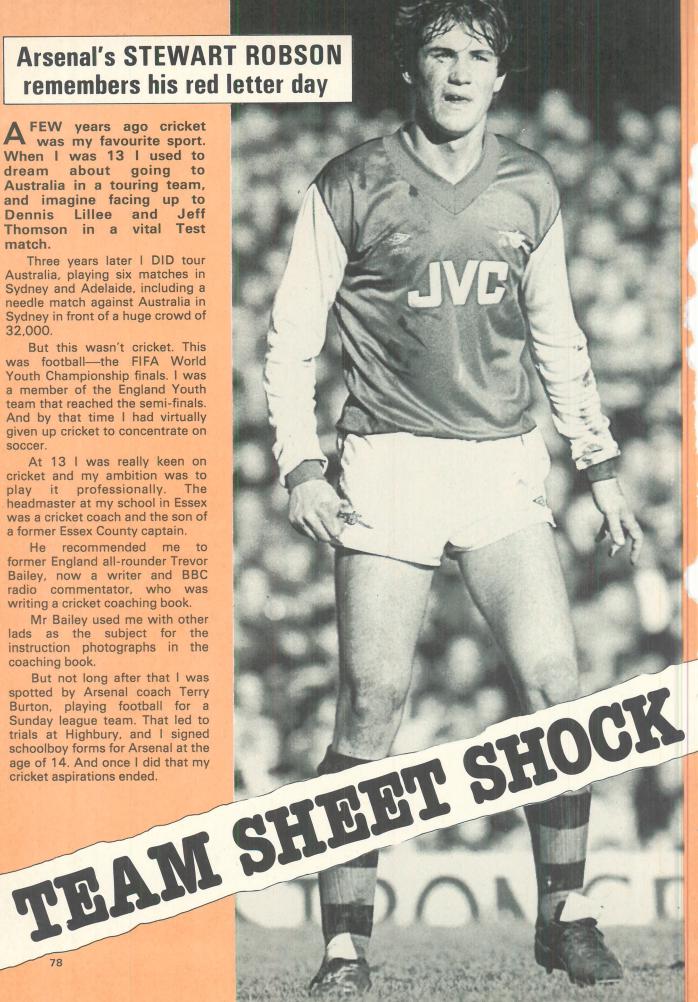
Three years later I DID tour Australia, playing six matches in Sydney and Adelaide, including a needle match against Australia in Sydney in front of a huge crowd of 32,000.

But this wasn't cricket. This was football-the FIFA World Youth Championship finals. I was a member of the England Youth team that reached the semi-finals. And by that time I had virtually given up cricket to concentrate on

At 13 I was really keen on cricket and my ambition was to play it professionally. The headmaster at my school in Essex was a cricket coach and the son of a former Essex County captain.

He recommended me to former England all-rounder Trevor Bailey, now a writer and BBC radio commentator, who was writing a cricket coaching book.

Mr Bailey used me with other lads as the subject for the instruction photographs in the



But it was still exciting to go to Australia with the England Youth side and look around the Sydney Cricket Ground. We were due to play Australia there in one of our group matches in the World Cup finals, even though it was right at the start of their cricket season.

But the day of the match was windy the officials were worried about the safety of the floodlight pylons and the match was switched to another ground in Sydney.

I was disappointed to miss the chance of playing on the same ground as all my cricketing heroes, but we still got a huge crowd, and it was as hard fought a game as any Australia-England Test match, ending up 1-1.

Playing in the World Youth finals was marvellous a experience for me. It was fascinating because the supposedly lesser nations did better than most of established countries.

Italy, Argentina, Spain and Poland failed to get through their qualifying groups, while Egypt,

Sometimes manager Terry Neill included a youngster with the first team squad 'for the ride', get experience of the atmosphere.

I thought it must be my turn to travel with the team, and that was really pleasing. It was a local derby at West Ham.

But when I looked at the team sheet there were only twelve names on it-mine included! And that meant I was at least the substitute. In fact the way the team was written it looked as if I was due to play.

I had never even trained with the first team at that stage. I hardly knew the senior players! The shock hit me on the way home. On the train home I started panicking, and that night I didn't sleep a wink.

But once I was out on the pitch at Upton Park I forgot my nerves and got stuck into the game. We finished 2-1 winners, and I stayed in the side for the next five matches, including a League Cup replay at Liverpool, and an F.A. Cup tie at Tottenham.

number of England Youth team caps last season, when I was still eligible for the team. It didn't upset me that much because I would rather be playing in a league team. But I would like to make up for these 'lost' caps in the Under-21 or senior England team one day!

To do that I may have to make a decision on my best position on the field. For Arsenal I've played at full-back, in the centre of the defence, and in mid-field.

Eventually I would like to settle down in one position and establish myself there. When it comes to actually playing I think I prefer to play in mid-field. It means I'm always involved in the game, and I do enjoy getting forward. But I'm not certain if it is actually my best position. Some people think central defence is my natural place.

Perhaps right-back compromise. I can use my tackling ability in a defensive role,

# It Took My Breath Away

surprising thing is they played more like an English side than anyone.

I will never have a bigger shock than the day I was picked for the Arsenal first team two years ago.

It began as a normal Friday. I trained at Highbury with the Arsenal Youth squad, but as I was leaving the ground, Fred Street physiotherapist stopped me. He told me to look at the first eleven team sheet before going.

not football, and I don't think anyone at Brentwood School really believed I would make the grade.

My parents backed me all the way, however, and allowed me to leave school early before taking my exams, to join Arsenal as an apprentice.

I was surprised at the speed of my progress. I was playing some matches in the reserves while I was 16, but I never thought I would be an established first team player at the age of 17.

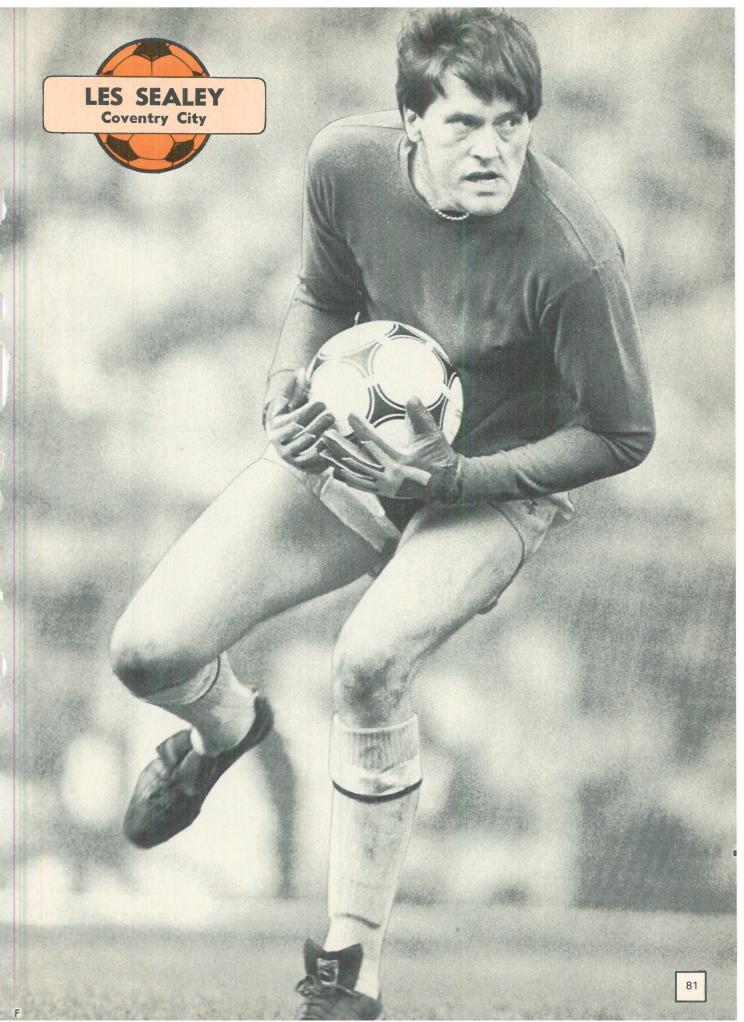
Winning a regular place in the Arsenal side cost me quite a and still have the freedom to get

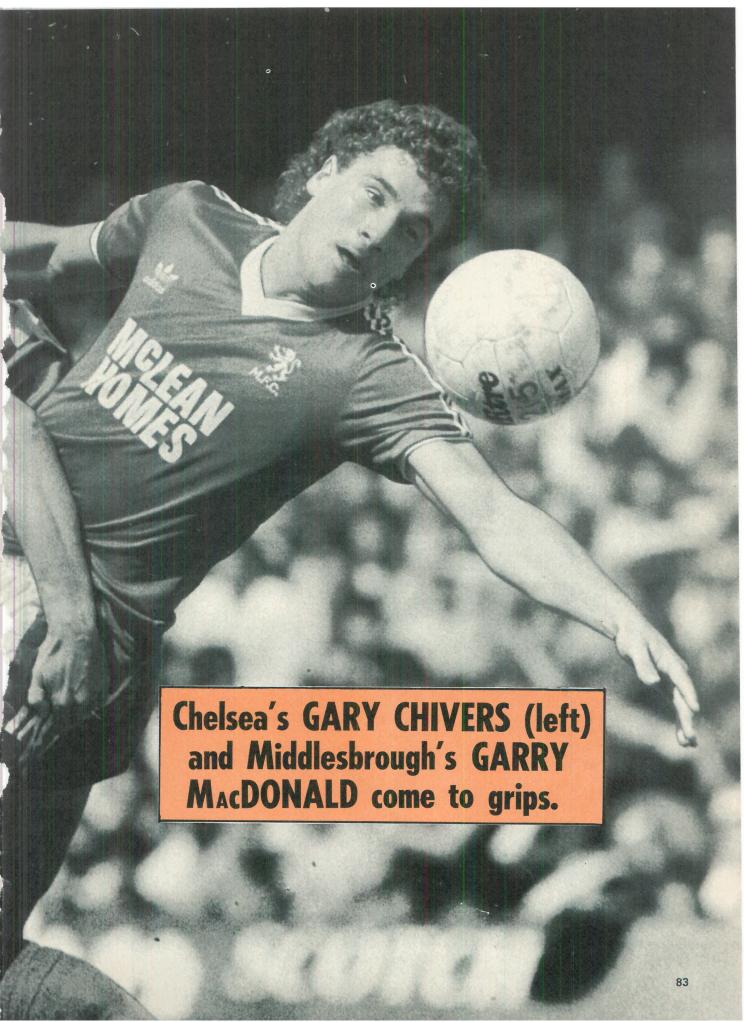
on it was my determination and enthusiasm in the tackle that earned me a place in the Arsenal side. Sometimes I was over-enthusiastic-and got myself booked for a mis-timed tackle.

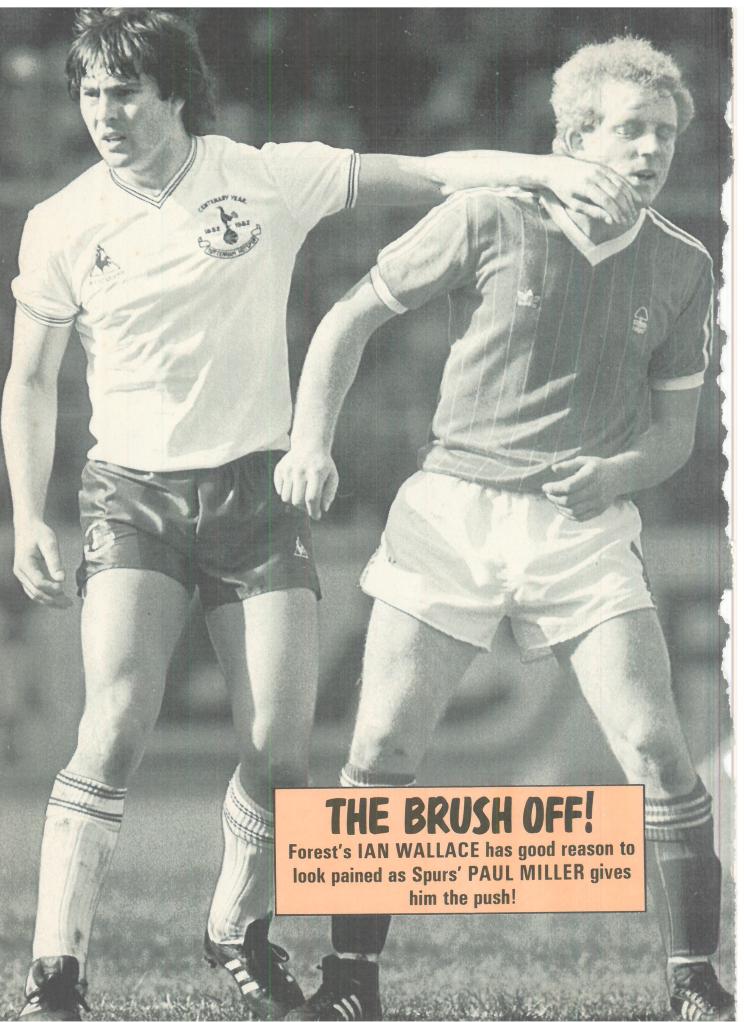
trying to learn from experience, but I won't be changing my attitude on the field. And I don't think Terry Neill wants me to lose my enthusiasm for winning the ball.

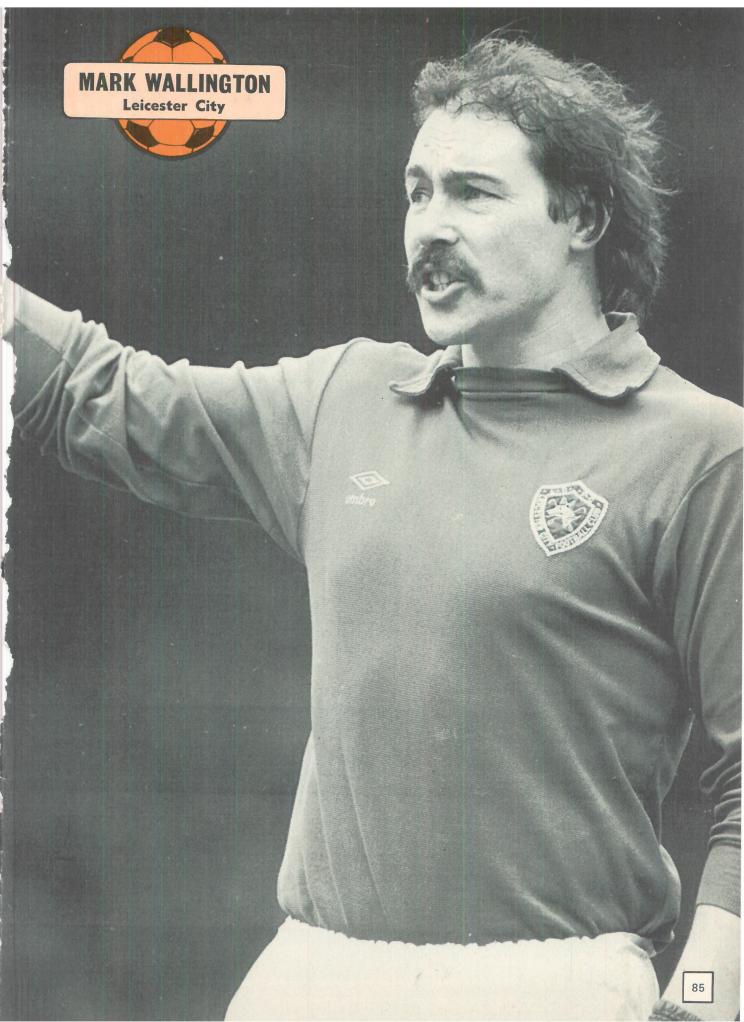
In training at Highbury we play a lot of five-a-side practice matches, generally splitting the first team into the youngsters against the 'oldies'. Everybody plays all out and things can get a bit tough at times. It just shows how determined everyone is at Arsenal to get the club back to the top, nobody more than me.











# PLEASE, SIR! Rangers' DAVIE COOPER makes his appeal for the referee's attention after being grounded by Dundee United's RICHARD GOUGH. 86



# I OWE SO MUCH TO

THIS is my third season with Queen's Park Rangers and I've already played in an F.A. Cup Final, won a Second Division Championship medal and toured Australia with England. But, most important of all, this will be my third season under Terry Venables' managership.

I just wish it was my tenth season with Terry. I believe I could have been an England player years ago if I had joined up

earlier with 'T.V.'

As it is he's taught me so much about the game. He's added a new dimension to my play since I joined Rangers. Terry has introduced totally fresh aspects of the game to me.

I've improved so much in the last couple of years I just wish I'd met up with Terry Venables when I was a raw youngster of 19. I'm sure I could have achieved a lot

more.

I believe a manager's approach to the job is a reflection of his style as a player. At Aston Villa I played for Ron Saunders. He was a strong, determined, bustling type of centre-forward, and he wanted Villa to play the same way, hustling the opposition, never letting them settle.

At Brighton the boss was Alan Mullery. As a player with Fulham, Spurs and England, Mullery was another tough, determined, all-action man. He had Brighton playing the same way.

Terry Venables was a skilful, thoughtful player, full of ideas,

always trying something new, never afraid to invent and experiment. That's the way he operates as a manager. He wants skilful, thoughtful players. He's always coming up with fresh ideas on the game.

You never know what to expect in training. As far as I'm concerned Terry Venables is one of the best managers in the game.

This really should be my fourth season with Rangers. The year before I did sign I turned down the chance to move from Brighton in an exchange deal that would have taken David McCreery to the south coast.

It would have made me Terry's first signing for Queen's Park Rangers, but at the time I felt that the situation at Loftus Road was a bit unsettled and I didn't want to take a chance. But Terry kept going back to Brighton for me, and the next year I accepted the transfer.

Brighton offered me a five year contract to stay at the Goldstone Ground—but I believed the potential at Rangers was greater.

Brighton may have been in the First Division at the time and Rangers in the Second, but I felt that Rangers would always be potentially the bigger and better club. My feelings have been borne out now. This season Rangers are back in Division 1 and Brighton passed them on their way down.

When Rangers matched the security of Brighton's five year offer I jumped at the chance, and I obviously made the right decision. Rangers can be a big force in the First Division because the whole club is geared to success. The

### JOHN GREGORY (QPR)

### GIVES CREDIT TO TERRY VENABLES



club has big ideas. It is not content to stand still.

Laying the artificial pitch is typical. A lot of clubs talked about it, but only Rangers had the initiative and drive to go ahead and install it. We felt the benefit last season. Our plastic pitch helped us to win promotion—away from home.

On our home pitch the first touch of the ball is so important. You have to control the ball quickly or it will run away. Since the pitch was laid, the Rangers players have become very aware of the importance of the first touch in controlling the ball.

Last season we began to get the long term benefits of our improved control. In away matches, on grass pitches, our tighter control gave us that vital extra little bit of time and space.

We began to win games that we had been losing before. I think the benefits of playing on the plastic pitch will grow each year as we master the surface.

I was pleased to settle into a regular mid-field role with Rangers last season. When I was at Villa I got the reputation of being a 'utility' player. I wore every shirt in the team except the goalkeeper's jersey and at the time I was just happy to be in the side.

But after a while I began to feel I should settle in one position. It's all very well being versatile, but you can get labelled as a 'jack-of-all-trades-and-master-of-none'.

Alan Mullery wanted me to settle into the right-back postion at Brighton, so I accepted the move there.

When I moved to Rangers I began at right-back, but then switched into the anchor role in mid-field. I think I'm probably best as a ball winner. I'm happy to get and give the ball. That was my role at first. I'd try to win the ball and then give it to players like Tony Currie or Gerry Francis to create something.

Gradually I became more of an all-round mid-field player under Terry's guidance. He wasn't satisfied with me just winning the ball. He wanted me to be more creative—and also be more positive around the box. As a result I ended up last season with 16 goals, easily my best ever total.

But then I have the right initials for a goalscorer. J.G. Standing for Jimmy Greaves. He was one of my heroes as a youngster when I was a Spurs' fan. As far back as I can remember Jimmy was knocking in the goals for Spurs.

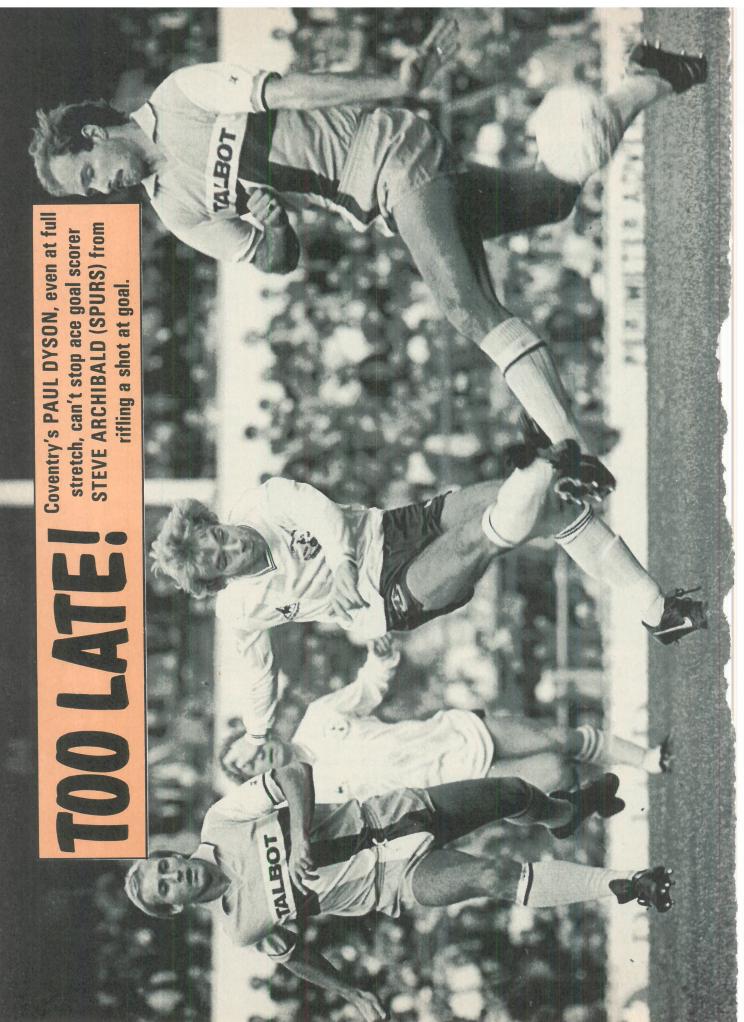
I always wanted to be a footballer, but at the time I left school I was living in Cambridge, which had no league team. Cambridge United were then still in the Southern League.

I wrote to Northampton for a trial and they signed me as an apprentice. After six years Ron Saunders signed me for Villa, and I had two good seasons with them, playing in the UEFA Cup in my first season.

I got into the side in time to play in the quarter-final matches against Barcelona—marking Johan Cruyff. It was a very tough assignment in more ways than one. Barcelona were very tough and cynical in the first leg—and Cruyff was so skilful.

We drew the home leg 2-2, and lost 2-1 in front of 90,000 in Barcelona, still one of my greatest memories in football.

I'd like to play in European competition again—and I think we can achieve that target at Rangers. I think we have the players and the set-up to become a top First Division side—especially with Terry Venables in charge.



The aims of most young footballers are perfectly straightforward. Firstly, to establish themselves at a top club. Then, if they are good enough, they hope to achieve the honour of playing for their country.

I'm no exception to that rule. But my career so far has included one essential difference. When I was just 16 years old, I had to make a decision which may have affected my chances of winning international caps.

I was invited to play for Eire in a schoolboys' international match. Problem was, if I'd accepted, I would have committed myself to that country at every level should I make the grade as a senior player.

You see, I was born in Nottingham, but my parents both come from the Republic of Ireland, so I'm qualified to play for either country. I was told that, if I played for the Eire schools' team, I would never be able to play for England.

A tricky problem to work out. In the end I turned down the invitation. But my decision was not made just on the basis of any patriotic feelings.

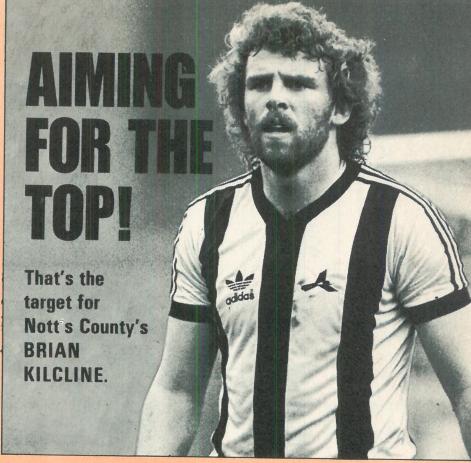
Despite being young enough to play for the schoolboy team, I was already pushing my way into the fringe of Notts County's senior squad. I discovered that the schoolboys' match clashed with an important club fixture.

I was determined not to damage my chances of staking a claim for a regular first team place, so I decided that the club had to come first. I'm convinced now that I chose correctly.

I'm now an established member of the County side, and have represented England at Under-21 level. I feel that I've come a long way in quite a short time.

Many people would be surprised to learn that, although I'm currently playing my fourth full season in the County first team, I'm still only 21. Even more surprising—I didn't start playing football seriously until I was 15 years old.

Before that, I was never really that bothered. Didn't even watch the local sides, unless George Best or one of the top European outfits were in town.



However, I was asked to play for a boys' club in Nottingham, and stuck with it for a season. It turned out to be a disaster. We were the worst team in the league. We'd trot out every week only to get plastered by the opposition. With that sort of start, I could easily have become disheartened and forgotten about football altogether.

Fortunately, somebody must have spotted I had some ability, and I was asked to turn out for the Nottinghamshire schools team. Pretty soon, Notts County were knocking on my door, and things have gone smoothly since then.

I don't come from a family of football fans. My father, who's a steel erector, played hurling in Eire when he was younger. It's a tough sport, of course. Dad is always teasing me by comparing it with football.

Although he makes a point of never showing any pride in my achievements, I know that deep down he is pleased I've become a player of First Division standard.

The only time he ever came to see me play was in the final of a youth tournament. My side won the match and, naturally, I was jubilant afterwards.

But Dad brought me down to earth. He said I'd played badly and

I ought to buck up, pointing out the mistakes I'd made. I realise now he only did that because he wanted me to become an even better player.

I'm certain the reason he doesn't come to see me in action is that I don't play so well when I know he is watching.

Nobody will be prouder than my father if I manage to achieve my two immediate ambitions. The first is to make the next step up from the Under-21 side, and win a senior England cap.

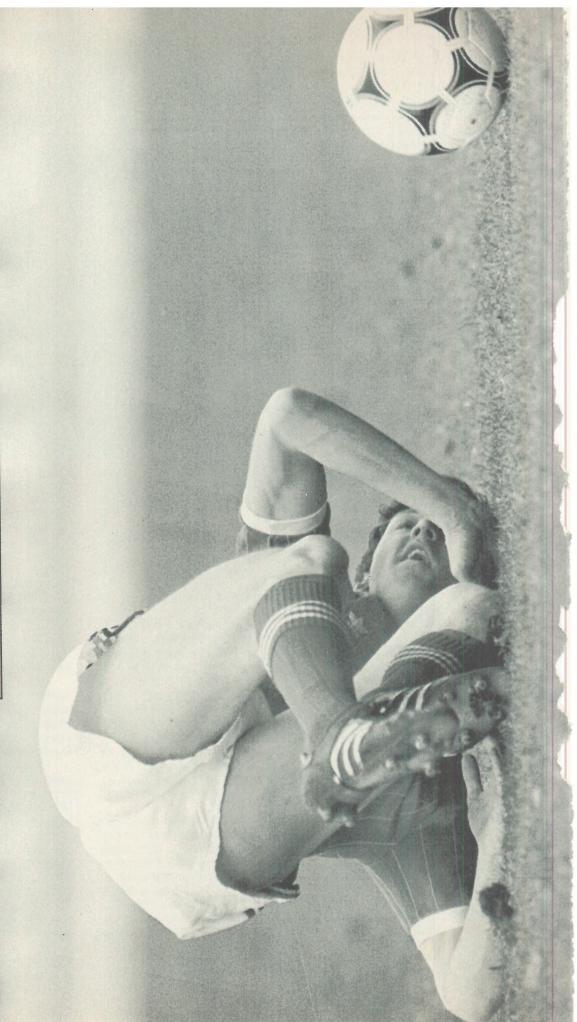
Secondly I want to play in European competition. There's every reason to believe that will happen before too long, and I'm talking about Notts County qualifying for a place.

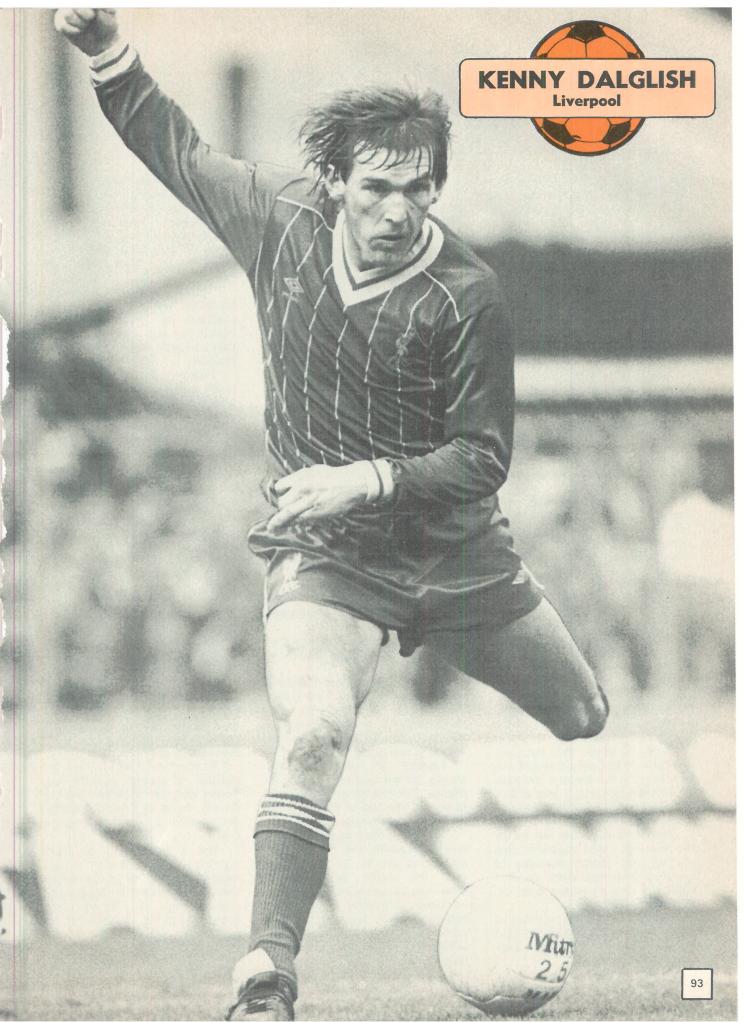
In recent times, the club has gradually grown in stature. Promotion from Fourth to First Division was won in the space of ten seasons.

In my five years with County, I've seen at first hand the steady growth at Meadow Lane. Now we are a club with ambitions which match anyone else in the country.

For the past couple of seasons, we've consolidated our place in the First Division. Now it's time to aim for the very top. When that is achieved, I want to be a part of it.

Set-piece situations. And it seems that Forest's PETER DAVENPORT is making sure that hall is provided.





### > MY NIGHTMARE

WHAT a great feeling it is to be playing in the First Division! As a member of the Leicester City side, it was a terrific relief to clinch promotion to the top flight at the very end of last season.

Taking a point from a draw with Burnley on the last day of the league campaign was enough to give us that vital promotion-winning third place in the Second Division table.

But if that was a nail-biting finish, the next 48 hours were even worse. A period I never want to go through again.

For, although the league programme had been completed, we had to wait another two days before knowing whether we really had won promotion.

You see, while Leicester were battling for that point at Filbert Street, there was an equally important match being played 25 miles away at the Baseball Ground, home of Derby County.

Our nearest rivals, Fulham, were the visitors there, and were trailing by a goal to nil. But a pitch invasion just over a minute before the end of their match resulted in the referee stopping the match early.

A league commission of enquiry was scheduled to sit on the following Monday afternoon, to decide whether that match should be replayed.

If that had been their decision, and Fulham had won, I would still be playing in the Second Division. So you can see why it was such a tension-filled weekend for me and my Leicester team-mates.

It was made worse for me by the fact that I was unable to play in that last match because of strained knee ligaments, so all I could do was sit in the dug-out, kicking my heels.

At least I was able to listen to the latest sports news on the radio to keep track of what was happening at Derby. I'm a terrible spectator, though. I can't sit still when I'm watching from the touchline. Through the entire 90 minutes, I imagined myself to be involved in every tackle and be on the end of every goal-scoring opportunity.

At the end of the match, I was hoarse through shouting non-stop to the team. Of course, they knew before taking the field, exactly what they had to do. Taking at least the same number of points from the match as Fulham did at Derby would secure promotion.

So the lads had to go out and win just to make sure the other result wouldn't go against us. As it happened, the result against Burnley was a goalless draw.

When the final whistle went, however, I heard on the radio that Fulham had lost by the only goal.

That news led to amazing scenes of celebration in our dressing room. Champagne corks started to pop. There was singing and dancing. The joy of having won promotion to the First Division was overwhelming.

Ten minutes later, however, the rejoicing came to a dramatic halt.

That was when the news of Derby's pitch invasion began to filter through.

We were told about the early finish, and Fulham's claim that they were deprived of the opportunity to win the match in the last minute or so, despite requiring two goals.

Instead of continuing the chorus, all we could do was sit in silence. The champagne had gone quite flat. The rest of the weekend was even more unbearable.

When I looked at the Sunday morning papers, the final league table was printed in full. There was the name of Leicester City—one place above Fulham.

It was so frustrating to see our achievement in black and white, while realising that our fate wouldn't be decided until the league commission gave their

verdict the following day.

When I heard their decision, I was sitting in a television studio in Birmingham. Their local news reporting team had asked me to be on the spot for an interview the moment the final word was known.

Television viewers all over the Midlands were able to see my reaction to the news that Fulham's result should stand, and that Leicester would be promoted after all.

I don't think an interview was really necessary. The joy on my face when I was told the news—in full view of the camera—was there for all to see.

The result of that enquiry means that this season, I am able to achieve an ambition for which I have always strived.

Not just to play in the top flight—but to turn out at such venues as Old Trafford, Anfield and White Hart Lane.

Actually, I already had figured in a handful of First Division matches before Leicester were relegated three seasons ago. At that time I was a young player struggling to make the break into the first team.

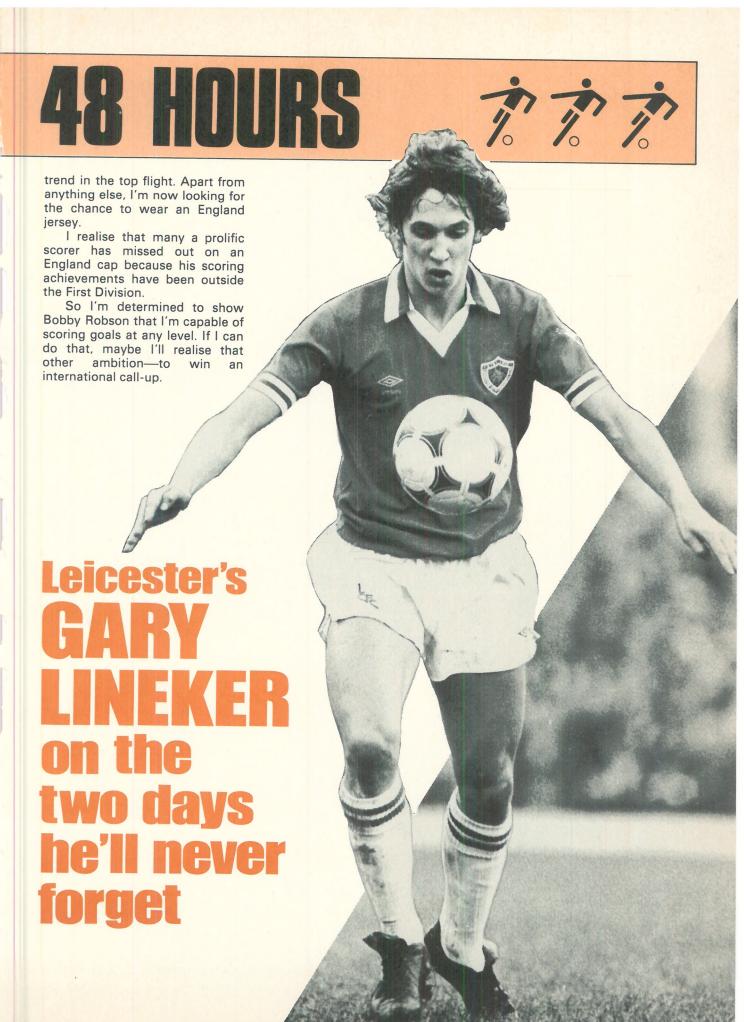
But during those brief spells in a first team jersey, I somehow missed out on the chance of appearing at those glamorous venues.

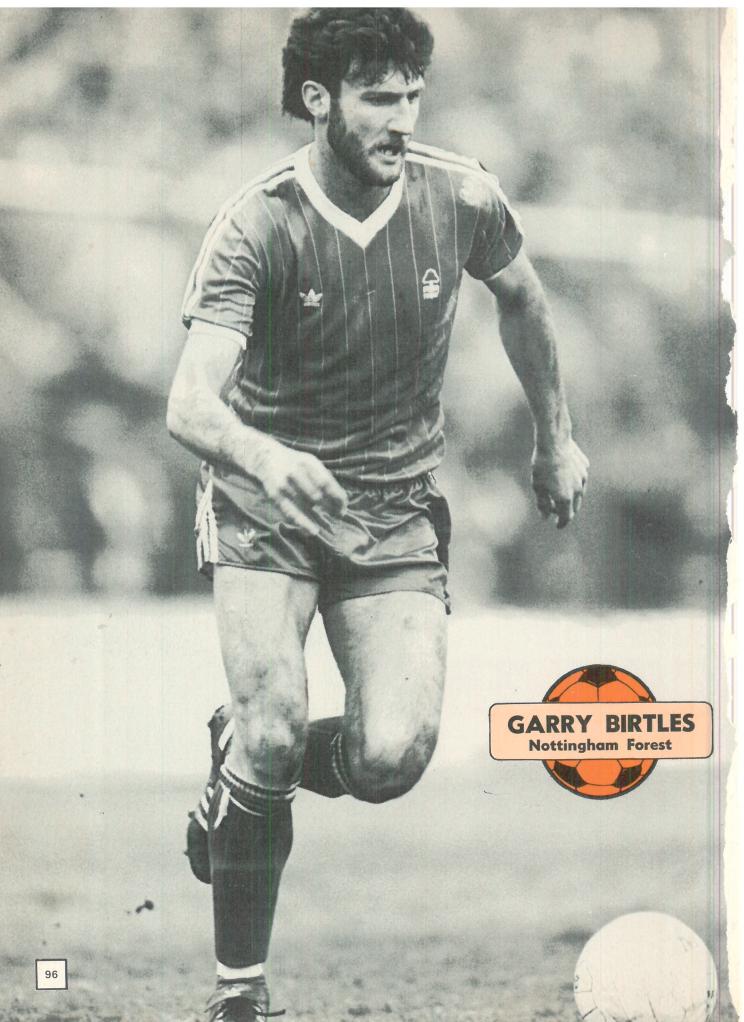
I always seemed to come into the side for matches against less fashionable opposition.

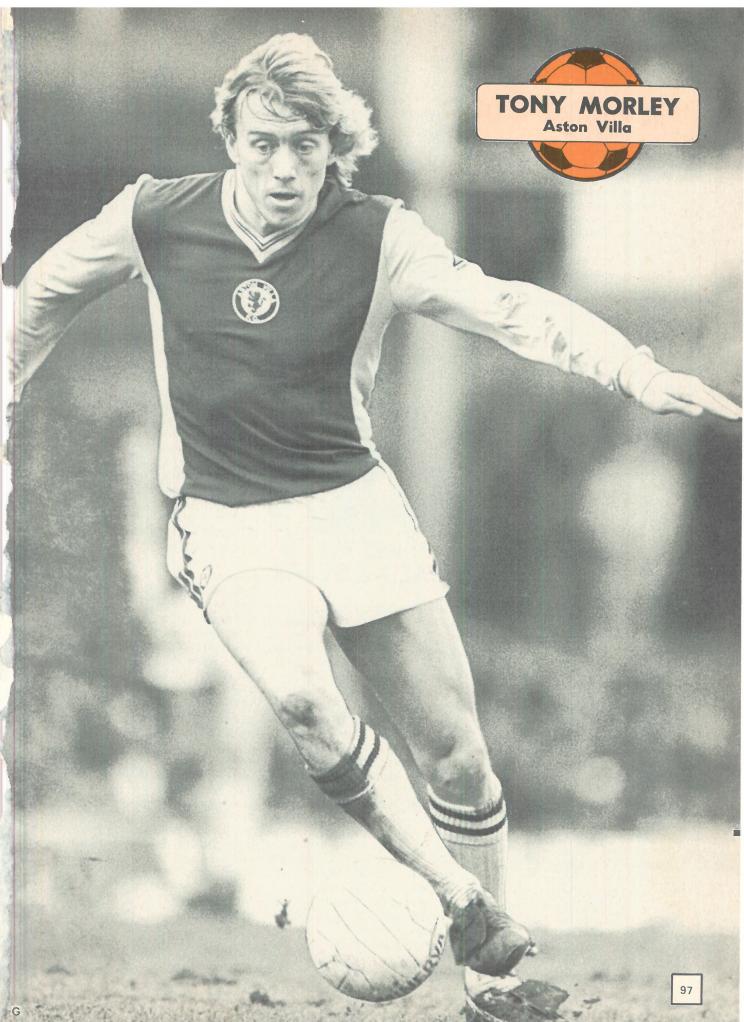
At that time, I was living in the shadow of regular strikers Alan Young and Jim Melrose. Alan, of course, went to Sheffield United and Jim is now with Coventry City.

But I learned a lot from training with them before establishing myself in the Filbert Street. I've been very happy with the way I took my chance—scoring a total of 45 goal in two seasons in the Second Division.

I just hope I can continue that







Len Heppell is the name. Slightly built and nearing pension-age but he bristles energy and an in enthusiasm that has, him seen recent years, become the unlikely friend and adviser to some of the biggest names in football.

Unlikely, because at one time he had no greater claim to soccer fame than his father-in-law relationship to that veteran goalscorer, Bryan 'Pop' Robson.

Indeed, you have to know the that has linked background Heppell with superstars Bobby Moore, Peter Shilton, and Graeme Souness, to appreciate just what a remarkable and amazing character he really is.

At the age of 25, Len was a garage mechanic, with no natural sense of timing or rhythm. What he did have, however was a passion for sport and the burning desire to prove that by his own methods and dedication he could overcome his lack of natural ability.

Len Heppell quit repairing cars and spent the next four years down the pits . . . because in his search for the right sporting balance he had noted that miners

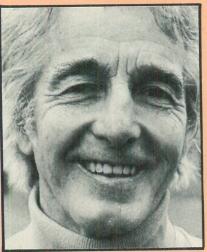
had it by instinct.

"I discovered that you can't afford uneconomical movement the pit. But, more down important, I noted that miners didn't alter their method of movement when they came to the surface again. Their workstyle was their lifestyle and vice versa."

It is these hard-won secrets that form the basis of the balance and rhythm techniques Heppell tries to impart to others. What they have also done for Heppell himself, however, is also worth

recalling.

He tried ballroom dancing and within six years was a County and National Champion, making appearances as a 'Rock-n-Roller' on that trail-blazing TV show, 6.5 Special. At the age of 34 he took up cricket for the first time and soon was good enough to play for his 'home-town' team. Two years later he turned his attention to golf and within three years was club champion playing off a handicap of three.



### LEN HEPPELL'S **AMAZING STORY**

At 41 table tennis came into his life. He was soon a 'seeded' Northumberland County player and even at the age of 49 was good enough to reach the final of the Scottish Open Championship.

In the meantime he'd also taken daughter, Maureen, under his wing and within three years of taking up the game she was achieving national honours, creating an all-time England record of winning 14 out of a possible 17 open tournaments. She was second in the other

But Heppell wasn't finished there. At 57 he then entered the punishing world of squash and even today he can compete with youngsters a third his age.

Yet, despite obvious success, suspicion still surrounds Heppell in certain quarters.

"The problem is," he says, "that even in this advanced age

there are those who aren't prepared, or are actually afraid, to try anything that hints of being different. But life, I suppose, is full of suspicion and I've learned to live with it."

'Learn to live with it 'Heppell almost certainly had to do for at least a year before Bobby Moore, the only man ever to captain England to World Cup success, finally accepted that he had something to offer.

"When I was invited to do my stuff at West Ham back in the early '70s, Bobby clearly thought I'd no place in football," Len goes

"Then one day he came into a restaurant and shared a table with myself, Bryan Robson and Trevor Brooking. After a while he sat in his chair, comfortable and relaxed.

"I 'congratulated' him on this, and immediately he was on the defensive, demanding . . . ' just what do you mean by that?' So I told him . . . straight. 'You run like a coat-hanger,' I replied.

" Maybe it did sound insulting to a man who had achieved all he had in the game," Len recalls. 'But it WAS true. Moore's style of movement had always been too uptight and tense.

"To be fair to the bloke, however, he did listen. The ice between us was broken and in a number of sessions we were later to have together he worked hard at following my advice.

"Basically, this involved getting him to roll his shoulders, but not his body and to turn like a ballroom dancer, head first, instead of the other way round. It sounds simple. But, in truth, few people do it naturally.

" And later Bobby, in his book, was to acknowledge the work we had done together by admitting that he wished he'd received years earlier the advice I'd given

But if Moore was one of the most famous names Heppell had worked with there have been plenty others who have benefited from his 'simple' approach over the years. And he has no trouble recalling them.

"Peter Shilton was another who was already established as an international player when I first

met him and he was rated as one of the finest goalkeepers in the world.

"He is also acknowledged as something of a perfectionist and at the time we first met he felt there was something 'wrong' with his game, but he couldn't put the finger on it himself.

"You're too stiff," I told him.
"In fact, he had worked so much on weight-training, building a quite tremendous physique, that he'd become too big and strong to be agile . . . at least, as agile as he should have been.

"Peter's stance was also too upright. He tended to bounce up and down when opponents were on the attack, but very often his feet were off the ground just when he actually needed to have them grounded for the 'drive' to make a save. I explained to him that he was using his body like the big coil spring in a car and thus losing his natural suppleness.

"The answer was to imagine that part of that spring had been taken away and replaced by hundreds and hundreds of little watch springs. I advised him to start walking around 'like an object that can be seen shimmering through a heat haze'.

"He began 'exaggerating' that movement at every opportunity . . . till it became

Peter Shilton

habit, and a good one, on match days.

"Footballers, of course, come in all shapes and sizes. And Graeme Souness's trouble early in his career was that his top half didn't match up to the bottom half. He was very heavy legged and thus a bit uncoordinated.

"Adding to the problem was the fact he had what I term a loose waist. Your top and bottom half should move as separate units. In Graeme's case the two were just too much in opposition at times.

"So when I worked with him during his Middlesbrough days I put him through what I call the 'clock-face' routine. This involves running on the spot and then turning in all directions through 360 degrees.

"Young Tommy Caton at Manchester City had a balance problem ... His fault was that he took too long a stride. Just telling someone to shorten their stride, however, serves no. purpose. So what I prescribed for Tommy was for him to imagine that he was walking bare-foot on burning hot sand!

"Try the real thing, sometime. The immediate effect is to make you take shorter strides. In Tommy's case it had to be all in the mind, but it worked a treat.

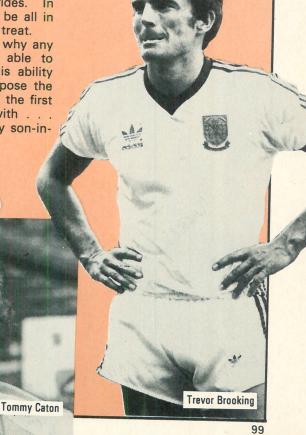
"There is no reason why any footballer shouldn't be able to increase and improve his ability and mobility. And I suppose the prime example of that is the first player I ever worked with . . . Bryan 'Pop' Robson, my son-in-law

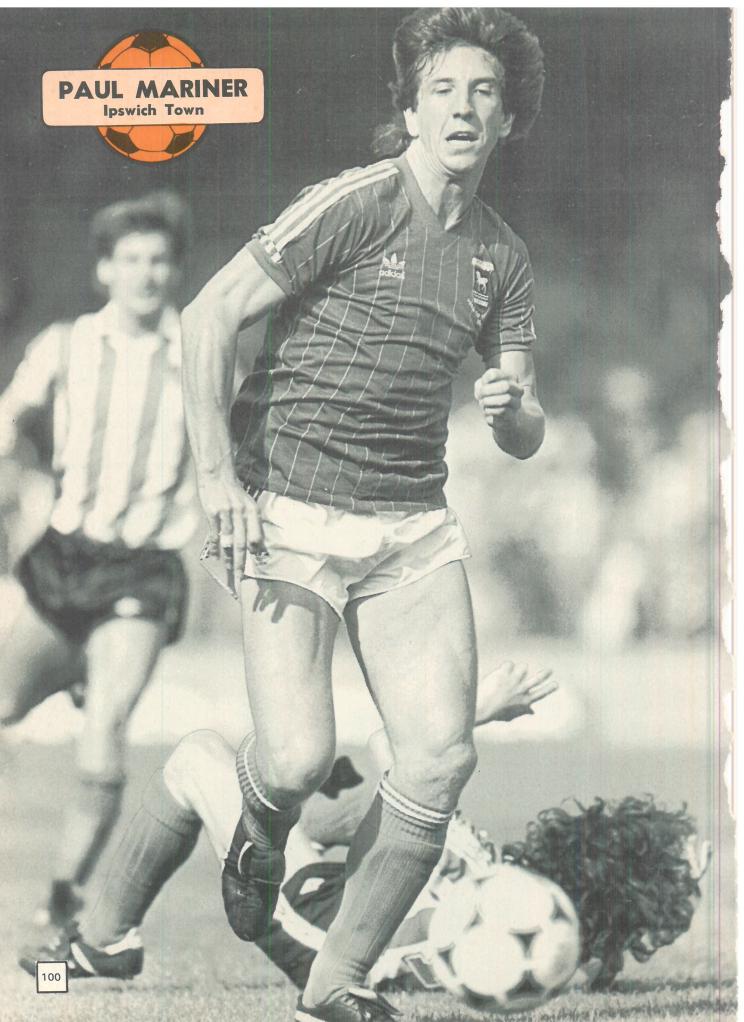
"As a youngster with Newcastle United, Bryan's career was heading nowhere fast. He was on the transfer list and seriously thinking about packing in football in favour of golf. On his own admission over five yards he couldn't have beaten my daughter Maureen, the girl he was then courting. He lacked basic speed and mobility.

"Yet, after a spell of doing the same kind of training as I put Maureen through, he was a totally different lad. The following season he scored 30 League and Cup goals to set him on the road to a career that has brought him goals wherever he has played.

"But perhaps the greatest thing about Bryan is that he is still playing today . . . at the age of 38 and still demonstrating the sharpness that has become his trademark.

"Come to think of it, next to myself, he is probably the best and longest lasting advert to my methods. And I take a little pride in that, no matter what anyone might think!"







PEOPLE tell me I could be in line for a record number of League appearances the way I'm going. I'm just 27 and I've played over 400 first team matches for Ipswich.

But after my experiences in the last few years I refuse to look further than next week. In football you never know what is around the corner. And every match that I play now is a kind of bonus for me, and a tribute to the surgeon.

January 24, 1981 was nearly the last day of my football career. The day of the F.A. Cup fourth round. We were playing at Shrewsbury and involved in a tough cup-tie.

I went up to head a high ball with no other player near me. But I landed awkwardly and my leg gave way. I knew it was a bad injury, but we were struggling to hold them, so I stayed on the field. We managed a 0-0 draw.

That nearly cost me my playing career. I went straight to a specialist in Cambridge after the match, and stayed for an operation

one of the world's leading authorities on knee damage. He carried out a four hour operation.

The operation was completely successful—but that was only the first part of my battle to play football. The rest was down to me. If I didn't make the effort to get the knee joint working I would never play again. Every single day for seven months I had physiotherapy.

The first problem was getting my leg straight. After being set in plaster in a bent position for weeks I could not straighten the leg. Every day for three months I cycled seven or eight miles and swam in the remedial pool. Only after those three months could I fully straighten my leg. After that I went running every day to strengthen the muscles. I did so much road work the other players called

recalls his battle against injury and says—

me 'Seb' after Sebastian Coe.
While I was out of action the team reached the final of the UEFA Cup. I could have gone with the team to the second leg in Alkmaar, Holland, but I turned down the trip. It would have meant missing a day's training.

The surgeon and the physio told me I had to be 100 per cent. committed to getting myself fit or I wouldn't make it. 95 per cent. effort would not be good enough.

It was a real struggle some days to put in the work. But the physio, Harry Willis, was pushing me all the time.

Occasionally he'd tell me to ease off because I was doing too much. Sometimes he'd have a go at me to work harder. In the end I knew it was all worth it. Ten months after the injury I was back in the first team at Ipswich, and I



stayed in without missing a game until the end of the season.

And to cap it all I was picked for Scotland's World Cup squad along with club colleagues John Wark and Alan Brazil.

In some aspects I am fitter and stronger now than before my injury. I know now how fit you should be to become a top class player.

Last season the injury jinx struck again. I began to get pains in my shin-but nobody could find anything wrong.

Eventually the specialist traced the trouble to a 'rough' patch at the back of the knee-the other one this time. He had to perform another tricky operation, drilling a hole through the knee to drain it.

This time the recovery period was only three months, but I now

But afterwards, as our coach was leaving the ground, the fans were still in a hostile mood. I was standing talking to someone when suddenly a brick smashed through the window, missing my head by inches, and showering me with glass.

For the next few miles a horde of cars and motorbikes chased our coach down the road, the Greeks throwing bottles and other objects

at us all the way.

That experience emphasises that European matches are not picnic trips. They can be a tough test of character.

I remember my first away match in Europe. I was just 17, newly established in the first team. We took a 1-0 lead from the first leg to Leipzig in East Germany in the UEFA Cup quarter-final.

make silly mistakes, and a loss of confidence can make your whole game go to pieces.

Once a player is out on the pitch he has only himself and his team-mates to help him. If you are having a bad time you rely on your colleagues to lend a hand.

I think that is the real answer for Ipswich's success in the last few years. We had a good team. There were not many outstanding individual players—but were no weaknesses either.

We had good teamwork, sometimes in pairings like Russell Osman and Terry Butcher in defence, Arnold Muhren and Frans Thijssen (mid-field), and Paul Mariner and Alan Brazil up front

Our team-work enabled us to compete on equal terms with clubs who were able to spend millions on buying players.

What we couldn't do was cope with several injuries. At least twice we lost our chance of winning the League Championship because of injuries. We couldn't afford to keep the size of squad that teams like Liverpool, Spurs and Manchester United can boast, and when we lost key players with injury we didn't have the strength in depth to cope.

Ironically the funniest incident I have ever seen on a football pitch concerns an injury. One of our players went down after a tackle. The ref called on our Tommy Egglestone. Tommy grabbed his bag and sprinted on to the pitch to attend to the injured player.

When he reached the player he dipped into the bag for the magic sponge—and pulled out a pair of pliers! In his haste to get to the incident Tommy had picked up the maintenance man's tool bag!

It was unbelievable. I think the referee thought Tommy was going to perform some kind of operation on the pitch! Everybody just fell about laughing-and that's perhaps the best treatment of all.

If you can keep a sense of humour as well as faith in your ability to recover, you can overcome the worst injuries. Every game I play is proof of that.

### MY CAREER ON THE LINE

reckon to have myself a pair of bionic knees. That's why I just take every match as it comes, and never look too far ahead these days. Injury can strike you down at any time-and the danger is not just on the field.

When we played a UEFA Cup match in Greece a few months before my first injury, we survived a very stormy match in Athens when the crowd was in a really hostile mood.

We had won the first leg against Aris Salonika 5-1 helped by three penalties, all for fouls on Eric Gates. The Greeks were out for revenge in the return game.

During the match the crowd intimidated the ref so much he gave Aris two goals when the ball was nowhere near over the line. but we still managed to win the overall tie.

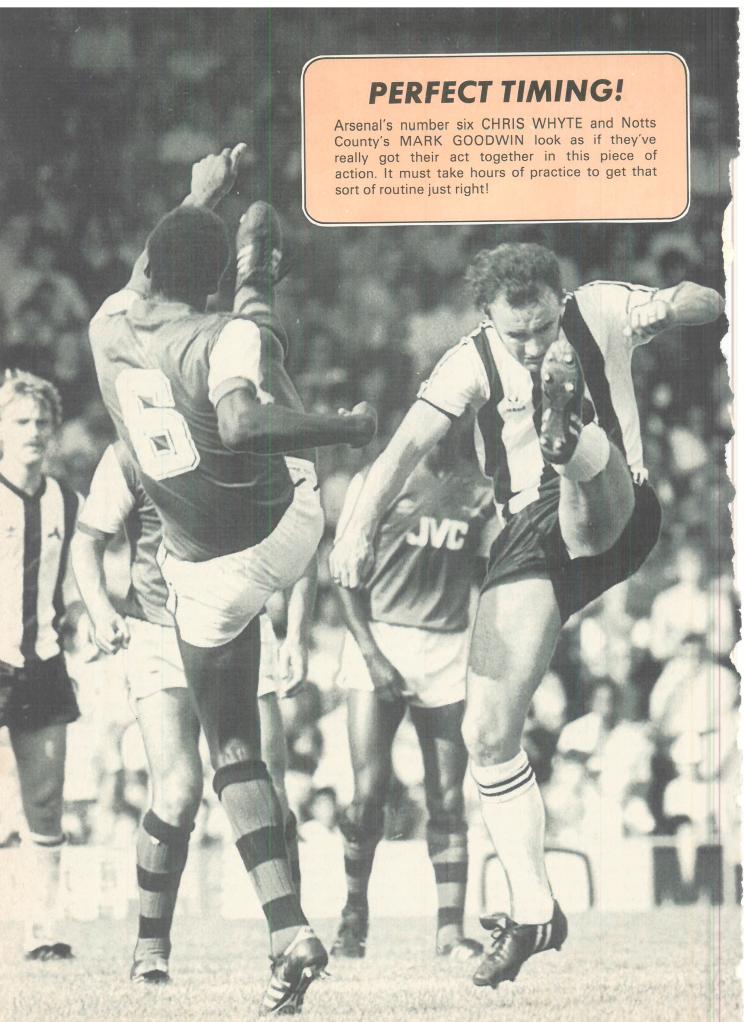
Mick Mills was sent off in the match, and with ten men we managed to hold the Germans to 1-0—and that meant a penalty shoot-out.

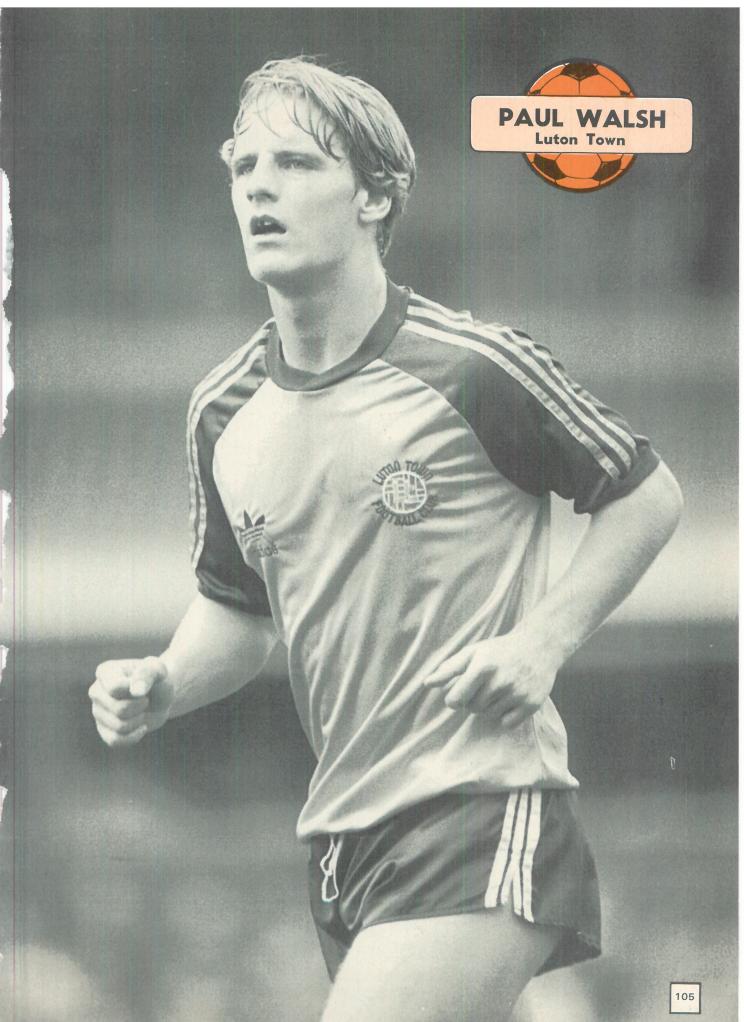
The 70,000 fans were dead silent for the East German penalties. But for each of our kicks they whistled and jeered and kept up a terrific racket.

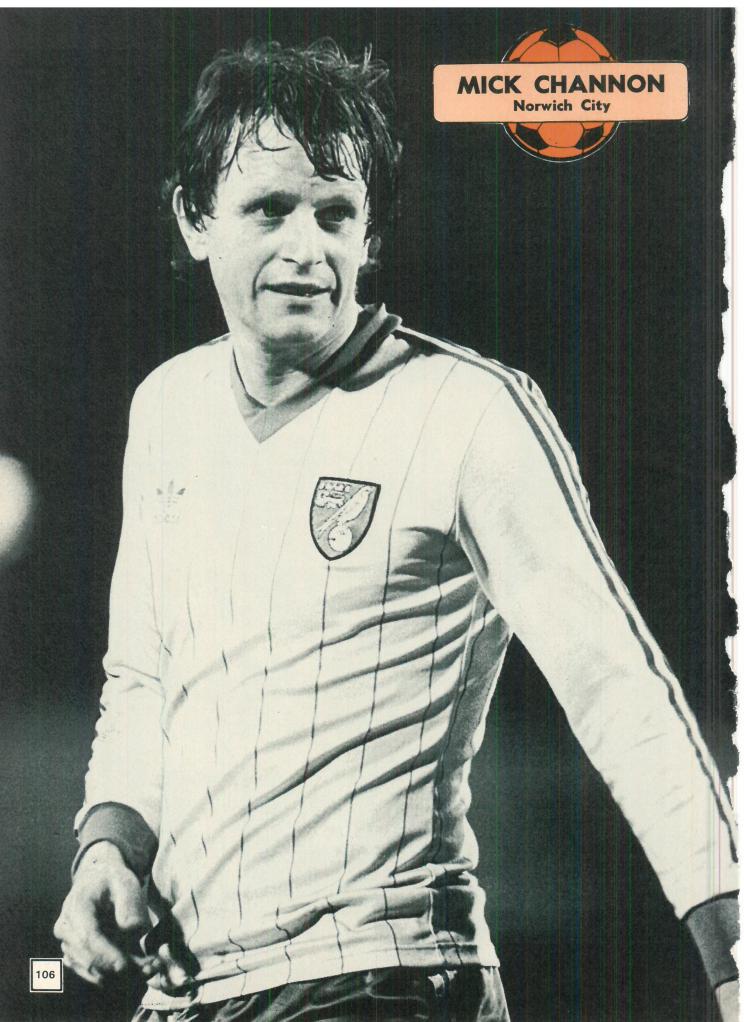
The penalty scores stayed level and I was getting more and more nervous at the prospect of having to take my turn. Eventually it was Allan Hunter's turn-with me to follow.

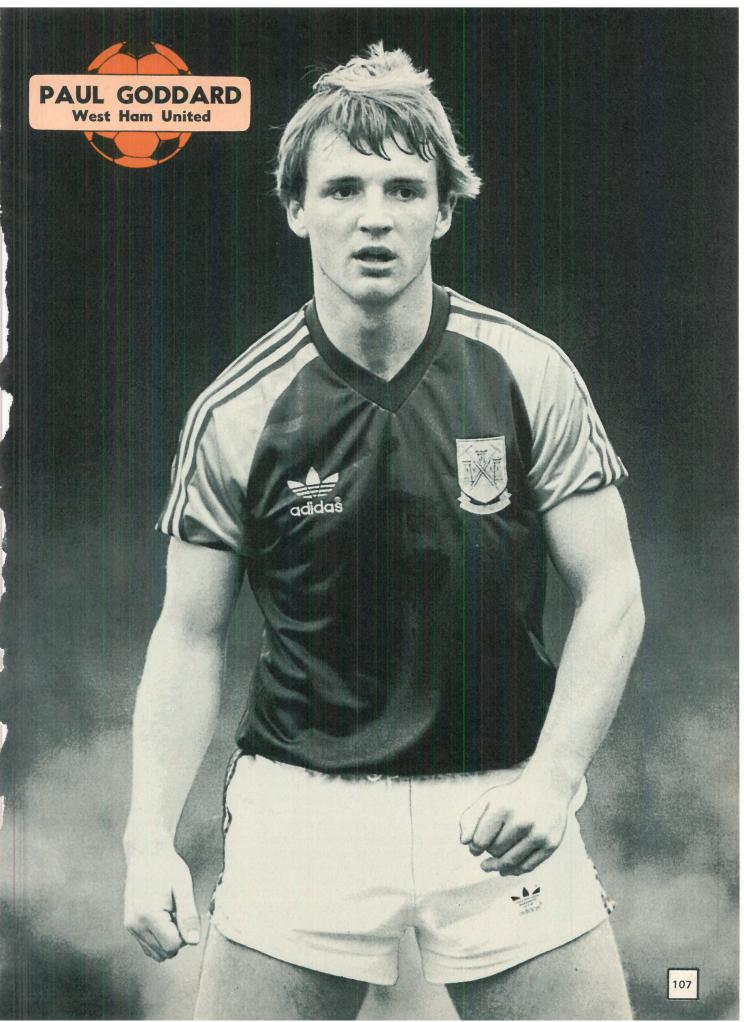
Big Allan missed, and we were out of the competition. Everyone was shattered—but at the same time I was relieved I didn't have to face the ordeal.

Nerves and confidence are all part of professional football. An attack of nerves can cause you to









## WOLVES ARE BACK



that's the view of livewire 'keeper JOHN BURRIDGE

I look upon myself as being in the reserves at Wolverhampton Wanderers. That may sound odd coming from someone who won the club's "Player of the Year" award and was an ever-present in the side which won promotion to the First Division last season.

But for me the real first-team at Molineux is the consortium, headed by Chairman Derek Dougan, who saved the famous club from extinction at the beginning of last season.

Their efforts stopped Wolves from going to the wall with only three minutes to spare,

And the hard work they have put in since has transformed the club.

When Mr Dougan said this was going to be the people's club he wasn't saying it for the news—papers' sake . . . he really meant it.

There isn't a boardroom as such at the ground anymore. At most clubs the players or their family hardly ever see inside that very private room where members of the Board and friends meet after a match.

But at Wolves it is almost an open house. The directors invite the players in and likewise they come into our lounge and dressing room. Derek Dougan

even invited my father-in-law into the boardroom when he came to a match!

Everything that was promised my wife and I when I signed for Wolverhampton has all been granted. It is a pleasure to work for such an honest set of men. You want to play well for a board like that and for a manager like Graham Hawkins.

But to be honest when I came through the doors at Molineux at the start of last season, for an initial loan period of a month, I said to myself, "What have you let yourself in for, John?"

I really had my sights set on joining a top flight club. I agreed to the loan from Queen's Park Rangers because I just wanted first-team football again and it gave me the opportunity to show people what I could do.

However, I was coming into a club of more or less all raw youngsters who had just been relegated. They were such a quiet bunch of lads.

I set about telling jokes and livening the place up a bit. I wanted to bring people out of their shells.

If you are quiet and afraid, it will reflect in your play. I have been branded a bit of a joker over the years but basically that is because I have mostly been with sides who needed someone to gee them up.

I have always taken it upon myself to be the motivator. To be truthful there is nobody in the game more serious than me about football

It is an obsession with me to be a very good player and win things. That is why I enjoy training and am back every day for a second session at Molineux.

That kind of attitude tends to rub off on other players. It

# ON THE WINNING WAY

certainly did the trick at Wolves. The other players, young and old, responded.

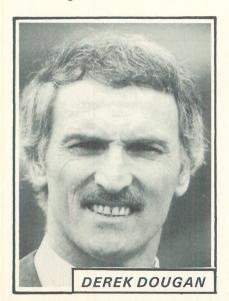
We started the season like a house on fire. After letting a goal in on the opening day I went on to set a club record of eight consecutive clean sheets in the league.

In that time my loan period was up and I was very happy to sign a proper contract. Putting my signature on the transfer form meant I had brought to an end a worrying period in my career.

Queen's Park Rangers were on the threshold of great things. Terry Venables was building a side fit for the First Division and I was their regular 'keeper.

But it got to a stage where I had to think very deeply about what I was doing and make a very important decision about my future.

I asked to be removed from the first-team. I was never dropped by Mr Venables. It was a decision which cost me an FA Cup final appearance at Wembley. And I don't regret it at all.



The problem was I just couldn't come to terms with the astroturf pitch at Loftus Road. Going from the artificial stuff to grass one week to the next was no good for me. I couldn't produce any kind of consistency in my game.

Being the sort of person I am I couldn't live with that. I also thought it was pulling the wool over people's eyes to say the astroturf was good for soccer.

For me it wasn't right to be playing on it if you hoped to be a top class player. Although I faced the prospect of looking for a club again at a time when so many footballers were on the dole I was sure my decision was right.

As it turned out I was lucky that Wolves came for me. Although Rangers won the Second Division championship, we matched them all the way and I'm a First Division 'keeper again.

The most important thing about this Wanderers side is that nobody is under any illusions. We know we are not the best side in the world but we play to our strengths. Our game is built on running and aggression. There are a lot of endeavour merchants in the gold shirts.

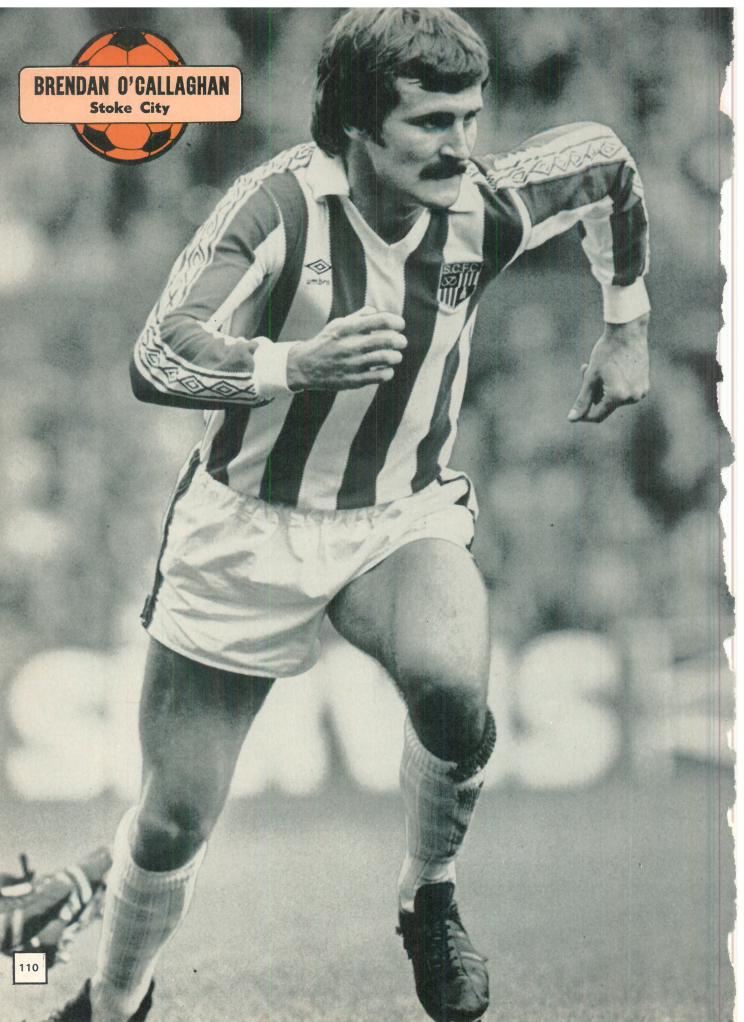
You won't find any flash players at Molineux. And that has created a superb spirit in the dressing room.

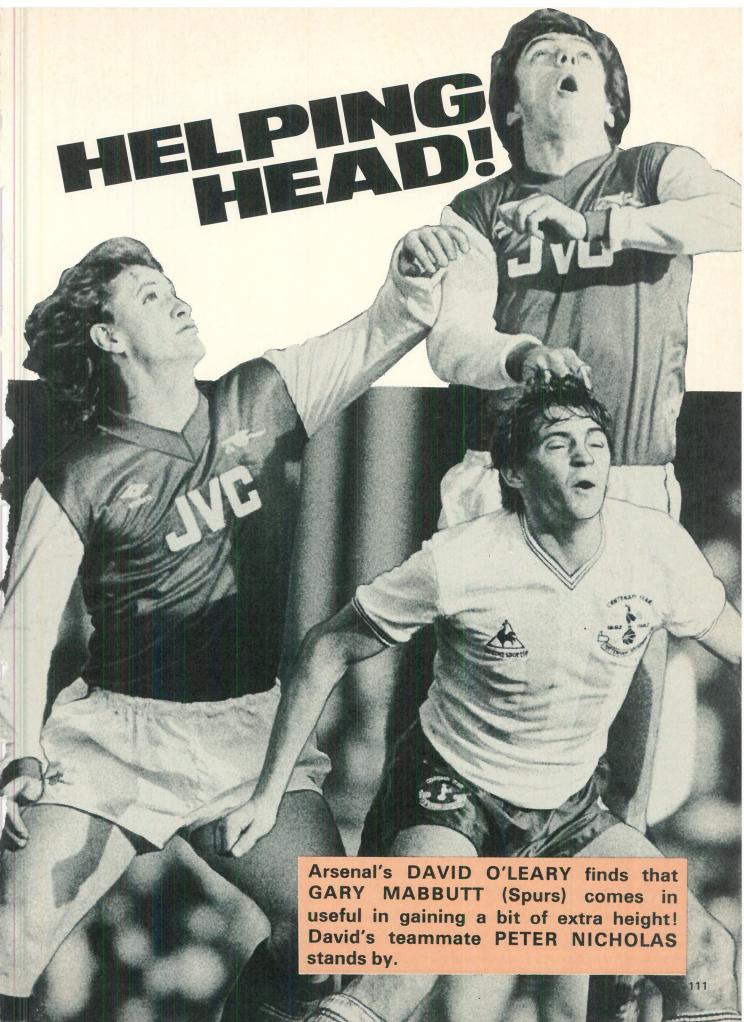
People like Andy Gray set an example last season. He is a million and a half pound player yet there are no airs and graces about him. He was prepared to go down with the Wanderers two seasons ago to the Second Division and fight his way back without moaning.

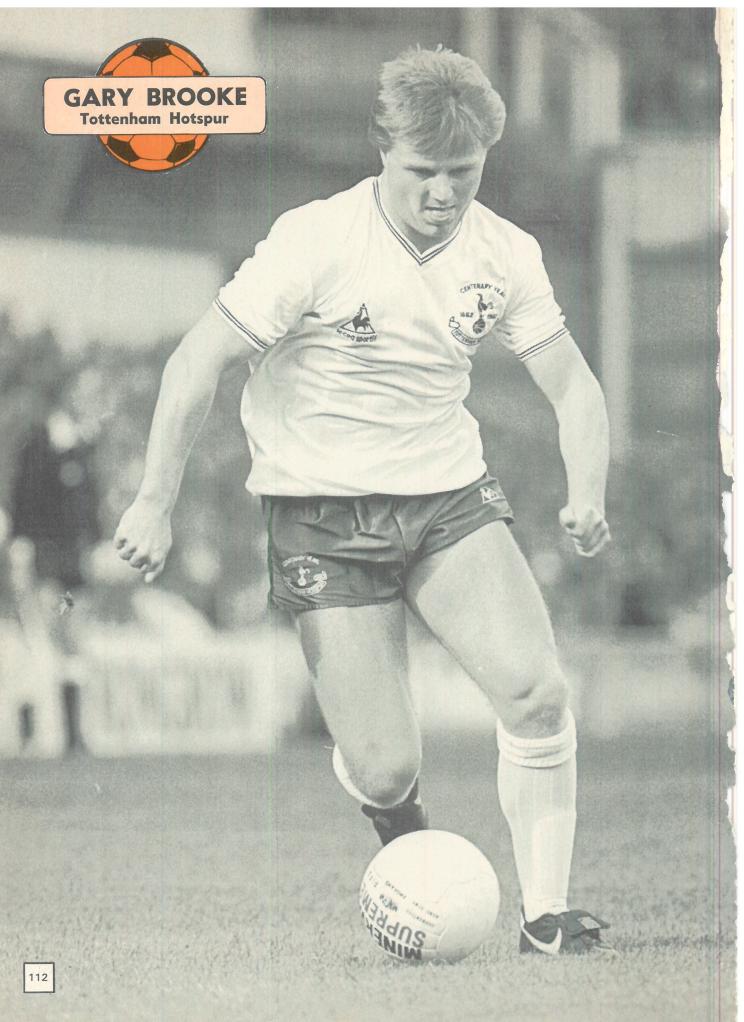
It is that sort of attitude and character which has put Wolverhampton Wanderers back on the winning way.

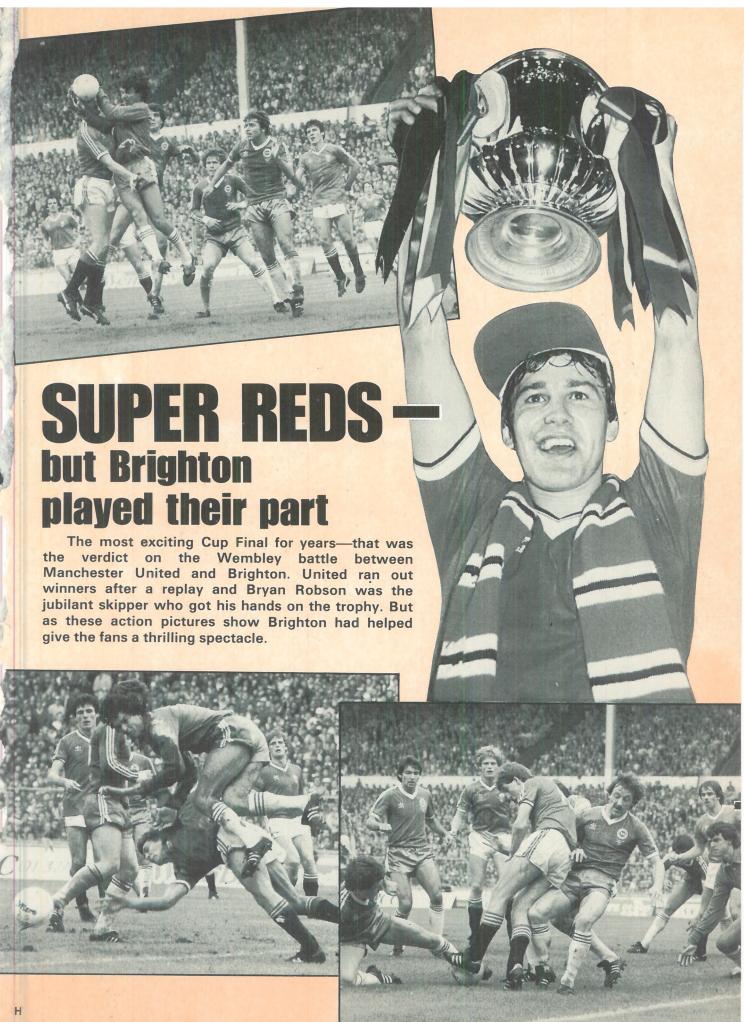


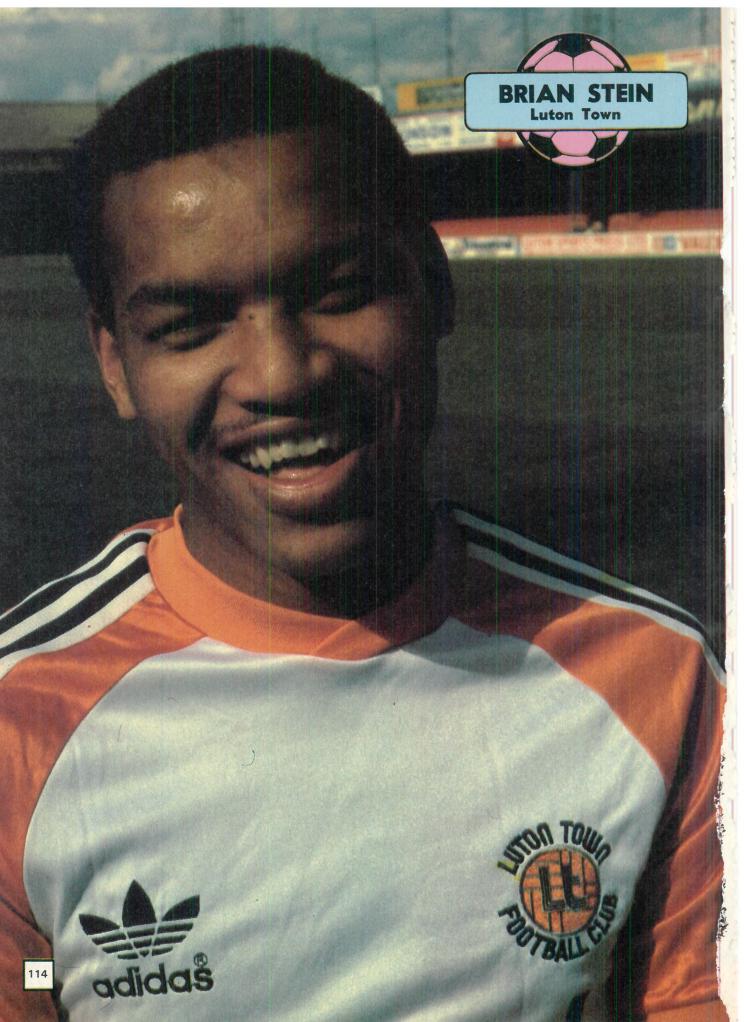
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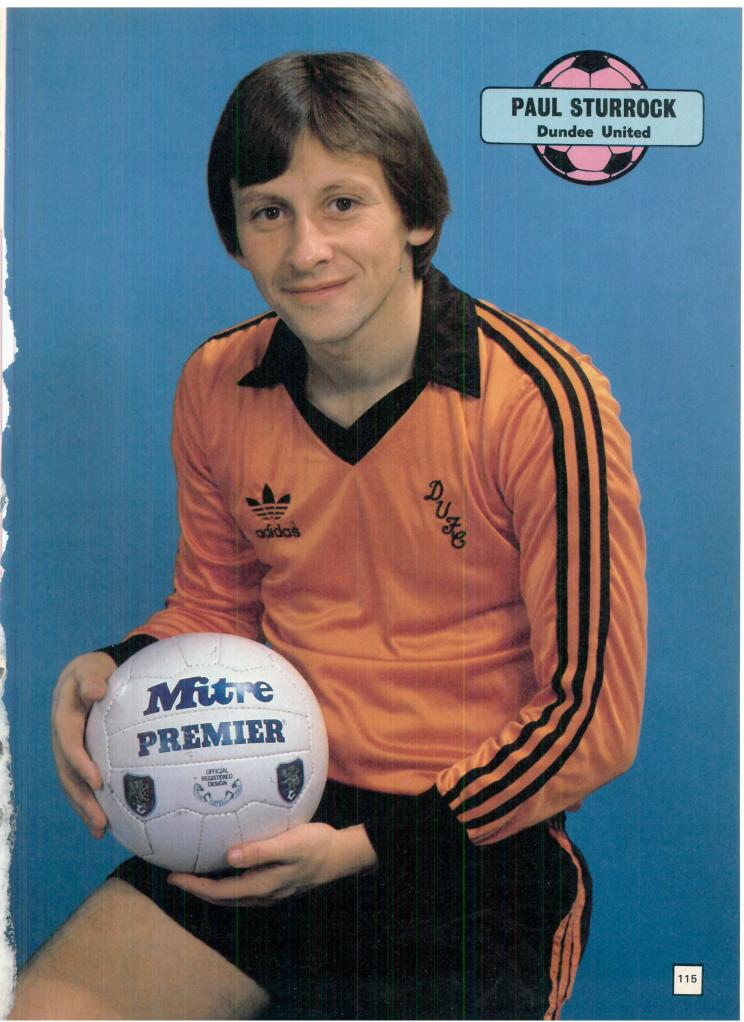












# RUGBY OR SOCCER-I HAD TO CHOOSE

## Fulham's Gordon Davies explains

Every second week at Fulham the goalposts are taken down and the rugby posts erected for the Rugby League side. And every time I see those posts go up I yearn for a game with the rugby men—but my manager Malcolm Macdonald won't let me.

You see I had a tough choice as a 15-year-old schoolboy in Merthyr. I was picked for the Welsh Schools rugby trials and the Welsh Under 15 football side—on the same day. My school P.E. teacher wanted me to play rugby. I really preferred football.

I decided to play for the football team, but to this day that teacher always says to me, 'Gordon, you picked the wrong shape ball, boyo!'

I've never regretted the decision, but I'd still love to play a game or two of rugby. I get itchy fingers when I watch the Rugby League lads at Craven Cottage. It's a great game, rugby ... but not quite as great as soccer.

Playing football for a living was all I really wanted to do when I was at school. Things seemed to be going well when I was signed on schoolboy forms by Manchester City. But after a season and a half they told me I wasn't going to be good enough, and I was released.

It was like the bottom dropping out of my life. I'd set my heart on professional football, but no club wanted me. I went back to my school teacher for advice. He told me to stay on at school, take

my 'A' levels, and become a P.E. teacher.

I went to college for three years, and then got a job back in Merthyr teaching P.E. It gave me experience of a 9 to 5 type of job that makes me realise how lucky professional footballers are.

In the end I think I was better off to come into league football at 22 rather than straight from school. I don't believe I could have handled the pressures at the age of 18. Football is a different game when it's your living.

It took me six months to adjust to the attitudes of professional football after I joined Fulham from Merthyr Tydfil. I couldn't get it into my mind that football was my job and not just the chance to earn some extra money.

I was taking chances in games that the seasoned players at Fulham didn't appreciate. Like taking on players in my own penalty-box instead of just clearing the ball.

I got so many 'rollickings' from the manager, Bobby Campbell, and the senior players I wondered if I'd done the right thing in joining Fulham.

I'll always remember my very first league match for Fulham, about six weeks after joining the club. In the first two minutes I went to tackle Blackpool's Peter Suddaby inside our box—and he 'conned' me. Hooked his leg behind mine and fell over, and the referee gave a penalty.

I could feel ten Fulham faces glaring at me. I could almost hear them saying 'we've got a right one here'. Skipper Ray Evans came storming over. I could practically see the steam coming out of his ears.

"Did you push him in the box?" he said to me.

"I never touched him!" I

"Well just make sure you don't do things like that again." said Ray, and I crept away upfield. I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me.

The penalty put us 1-0 down, but later on I made a goal for Les Strong, and near the end he did the same for me to score the winner.

After about six months at Fulham I realised that I had to take the game more professionally. That I wasn't just playing for fun. There were ten other players on the pitch whose living depended in some part on my performance. Since then I've not really looked back—although I'm still learning the game. For example I've picked up a lot of points from watching Malcolm Macdonald in training—he still strikes the ball superbly.

At least I've reached the stage now where I can pull Malcolm's leg a bit. Malcolm had to retire from football because of a damaged knee.

It still troubles him a little—but mostly only after he misses a goal chance in our training matches! We're always quick to kid him about his knee playing up if he misses the target. But the great thing about Malcolm as a manager is that he doesn't have a go at you for missing chances in games—as long as you get the shots in.

He takes the view that the more attempts at goal you have, the more you score. That it's better to shoot and miss than to shirk the responsibility of going for goals.

It was my goalscoring record in the Second Division that earned me an early call-up for Wales. A tremendous thrill for me as I'd resigned myself at one time to being a non-league player all my life.

My debut for Wales was a European Championship match against Turkey in Izmir. It was quite an experience. When we lined up for the national anthems before the kick-off the big crowd showered us with oranges. And I can tell you that launched from a height of 50-60 feet up in the stands an orange can be quite a deadly weapon—one hit me fair and square on the back of the neck!

The crowd was pretty hostile, even though the Turks won 1-0. We had Byron Stevenson sent off and at the end, riot police with shields came on to the pitch to escort us back to the dressing-room. With two policemen to each player it was a bit like being arrested and marched off to jail!

My father John is my biggest fan. He travels up from Wales to most Fulham matches. But it took him a long time to see me play for Wales. My first four internationals were all on foreign soil—Turkey, Iceland, France and Spain.

My father called me 'the longdistance striker' because he thought he'd never see me play for Wales! But then I was picked last season to play against England at Wembley—still an away match for Wales, but near ehough for my dad to travel.

It was my first ever visit to Wembley Stadium. Although I used to drive past the stadium on my way to training with Fulham every day I always said I'd never go inside until I played there.

I'm glad I stuck to that vow. Seeing Wembley for the first time when I walked out of the tunnel to play for Wales was a marvellous experience.

My first home match for Wales was at Wrexham last season, against Bulgaria. It was great to play in front of a Welsh crowd at last. Only 9,000 but very enthusiastic.

It would be nice to play for a Welsh league club, but when I did have the chance I turned it down. Before Fulham signed me from Merthyr I had talks with Swansea. They were prepared to sign me, but I took one look at their first team strikers and turned them down. Their line up was Robbie James, Jeremy Charles, Alan Curtis and player-manager John Toshak—all full internationals!

I couldn't see myself getting a first team game, and once the

Swansea reserve team played in the same league as the Merthyr reserve team, it meant I'd have been playing in a lower standard of football. So I opted for Fulham.

After four reserve matches I was in the first team, and apart from one spell of 12 matches, I've been a regular ever since.

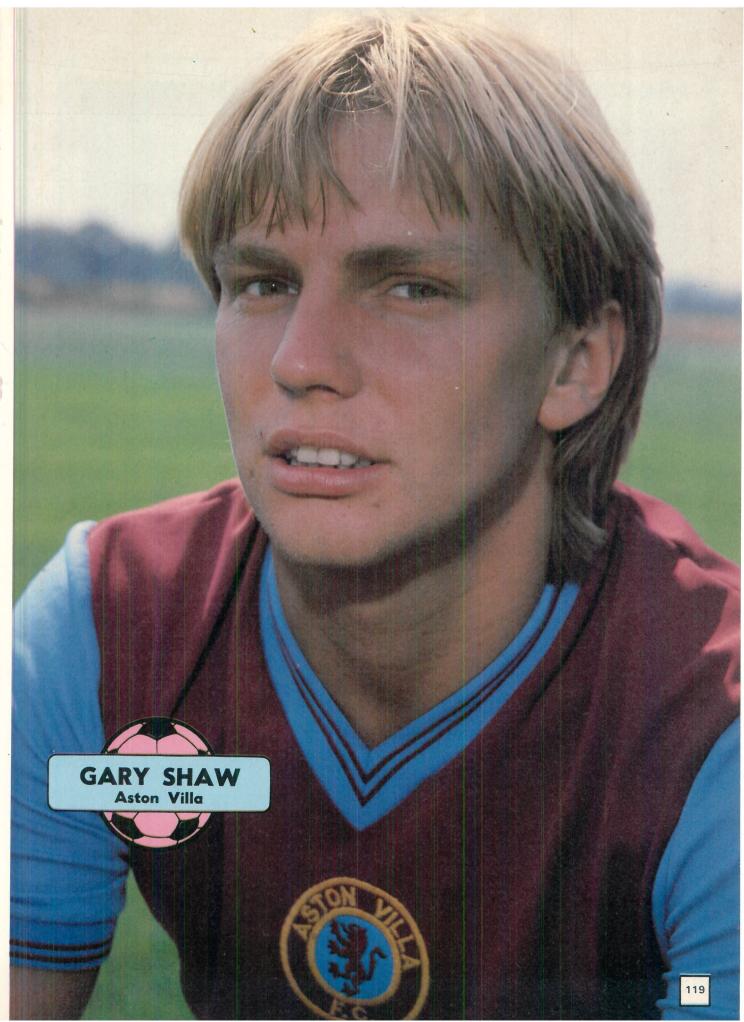
I think there are a lot more players in non-league football

who could step into league teams and do well. The way things are going the professional clubs will have to look more and more for talent in the semi-professional and amateur leagues.

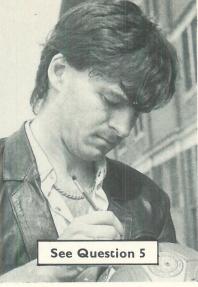
I don't think I suffered from learning my apprenticeship outside the league—and I hope to prove it in the First Division with Fulham one day.

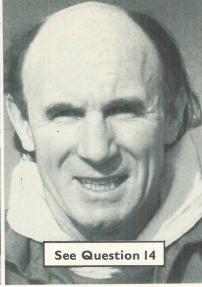












# IT HAPPENED LAST SEASON

- 1. Which player appeared in major cup finals in both Scotland and England?
- 2. Which player chalked up his 1000th appearance in first-class football?
- Two players scored on their first appearance for England. Names, please.
- 4. Which player scored a total of seven goals in two successive League matches?
- 5. Charlie Nicholas was Scotland's top goal scorer. How many goals did he pick up 25, 29 or 31?
- 6. Which player scored for three different clubs against the same opposition?
- 7. Who was ordered off while making his debut in the Merseyside derby?
- 8. Which player began the season with a Second Division club which was eventually relegated, and ended it with a Fourth Division club which won promotion?
- 9. Aberdeen's win in the European Cup-Winners' Cup Final was the first leg of a unique double. Can you say what it was?
- 10. Who were the defeated semi-finalists in the Milk Cup?

- 11. Name the team that knocked lpswich out of the U.E.F.A. Cup.
- 12. What was unique about the presentation of the Milk Cup?
- 13. Goal difference forced a club to seek re-election after having two points deducted for fielding an ineligible player. Name the club.
- 14. Jimmy Melia guided Brighton to the F.A. Cup Final. Who did he succeed as manager?
- 15. Who scored the goal which gave Northern Ireland victory over West Germany in the European Championship?
- 16. Who won the Football Writers' Player of the Year Award?
- 17. Who was top scorer in English League and Cup matches?
- 18. Portsmouth signed a player for a club record fee of £200,000. Who was the player involved?
- 19. A Scottish club manager resigned—then took his job back only 48 hours later. Name, please.
- 20. From which club did Vladimir Petrovic join Arsenal?

Answers on page 125

# SHADOW OVER STANDREWS

Ron Saunders has used every method open to him during his career as a manager in order to squeeze favourable results out of the players in his charge.

Yet the Birmingham City boss came across a first this season when the Midlands outfit were going through a traumatic period at the start

of the campaign.

Saunders had used all the avenues he knew to improve the City side. Dropping players, transfers, new men being brought in, changes in the playing system, and verbal roastings all failed to halt the slump.

Then Saunders was informed of a remarkable story concerning the St Andrew's ground and so set off probably the most weird set of events in the club's

history.

A story came to light dating back 76 years from the time in 1906 when Birmingham moved from their Muntz Street ground at Small Heath.

The site for their new home was at the time occupied by a wandering band of gipsies. As they had no official rights to dwell there they were duly kicked off the land.

Annoyed that they were being uprooted from their camp the head of the gipsy encampment retaliated.

He put a curse on the St Andrew's ground saying that the football club would never ever be successful.

It may be pure

The 76-year-old hoodoo that Birmingham City can't break.



coincidence but certainly Birmingham City have only had brief fleeting moments of success. Most of the time the club has spent struggling.

Although cynics in the past had ignored the gipsy

curse Ron Saunders took the view if there was such a thing why not take steps to get rid of it!

In the space of a few days the Birmingham boss covered his options by bringing in four people to attempt to lift the curse.

A priest was invited to the ground as were a Church of England minister, a rabbi and a faith healer. All went through their own rituals for ridding St Andrew's of its curse.

Ron Saunders also had four gold crosses placed on the floodlight pylons surrounding the ground and a crucifix was hung above the door of the home dressing-room

The amazing ideas to banish the ghouls weren't restricted to the ground itself. Even training sessions had a new start to them. Saunders and his squad stood in an unbroken circle linking hands whilst he gave his pretraining talk! Also the soles of the players' boots were painted red. It was believed the colour warded off evil

There is no evidence that all the rituals caused the slight change in Birmingham's fortunes. But they stopped conceding goals in such frightening quantity and although battling against relegation all term, avoided the drop by the skin of their teeth after looking doomed.

Only when a trophy comes to rest at St Andrew's will most folk believe the curse has been finally lifted.



# TRAVELLING IN

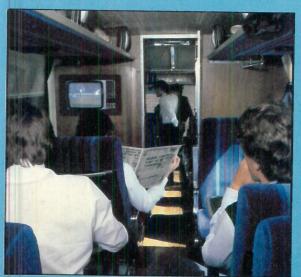
Ipswich are a top class club and when they travel they do it in style—thanks to this luxury bus decked out in the club colours.

Robin Turner has a look in the fridge—just one of the mod cons that are part and parcel of the modern team coach.

John Wark (left) Paul Cooper (right) try to relax on what can be a long journey. Terry Butcher is the man deep in thought in the background.

# **IPSWICH TOWN FC**

Videos, television and records help pass the time. Looking after that side of things is another of Trevor Kirton's duties.



# MILE AFTER MILE OF MEMORIES

The driver who can claim a unique double

Bob Green's 'job' as a bus-driver has seen him cover one and a half million miles over the past 30 years . . . and at least half of them, he estimates, have been in the cause of football!

Bob (57) has been Newcastle United's regular 'chauffeur' to away matches this past quarter of a century; till a couple of years ago he also steered neighbouring Sunderland on their travels and before all that he served a five-year 'apprenticeship' with then Third Division North side Gateshead.

It all makes for a wealth of memories. But Bob has no hesitation in pin-pointing a 12-month period in his 'career' that almost certainly makes him unique among football's driving fraternity.

"I'm sure there are drivers who have been privileged to drive the same team up Wembley way in successive years," explains Bob. "But I doubt if any have taken two different sides on their journey to play in the Cup Final within the space of 12 months.

"Anyway, that's what happened for me back in the early '70's when I transported first Sunderland and then Newcastle to Wembley in successive seasons.

"In a way I suppose it will always remain the highlight of my life. The only pity is that while the return trip with Sunderland was something extra special because they won, the same can hardly be said about the journey back to the centre of London after Newcastle lost!"

Not even the 'silence' of that Newcastle coach, however, can match one of Bob's other memorable experiences when he was official driver to the Russian squad during the 1966 World Cup.

"I took the Russians around for three weeks," recalls Bob. "And in all that time the only bloke I spoke to was the great Lev Yashin . . . for the simple reason he was the only one who could speak English.

"At least, I think that was the reason. At times I wasn't quite sure what to make of it because there appeared to be more 'security' men around than actual footballers!"

Football buses like the game itself have also undergone a world of change since Bob first sat behind the wheel.

"In the old days it was a 'luxury' to even have so much as a table on a bus," Bob goes on. "But today it's all mod cons. Fridges, freezers, micro-wave ovens and videos are all part of the service.

"At the end of the day, however, the bus driver's job is still the same. He's the bloke responsible for the safe passage of what nowadays can be millions of pounds worth of talent.

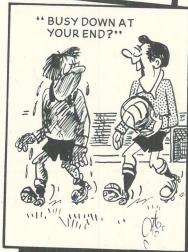
"Not that I ever really think about how 'precious' my cargo might be. If I did I'd probably never get behind the wheel!"













"OFFSIDE WAS HE? WELL WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT IT ON MATCH OF THE DAY TONIGHT!"



### **PUZZLE ANSWERS**

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REVIE
ARSENAL
ALDERSHOT
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LETTER LINKS WHITESIDE; STRACHAN; MARINER; RUSH; COPPELL; HANSEN; ARMSTRONG; WARK; ROBSON.



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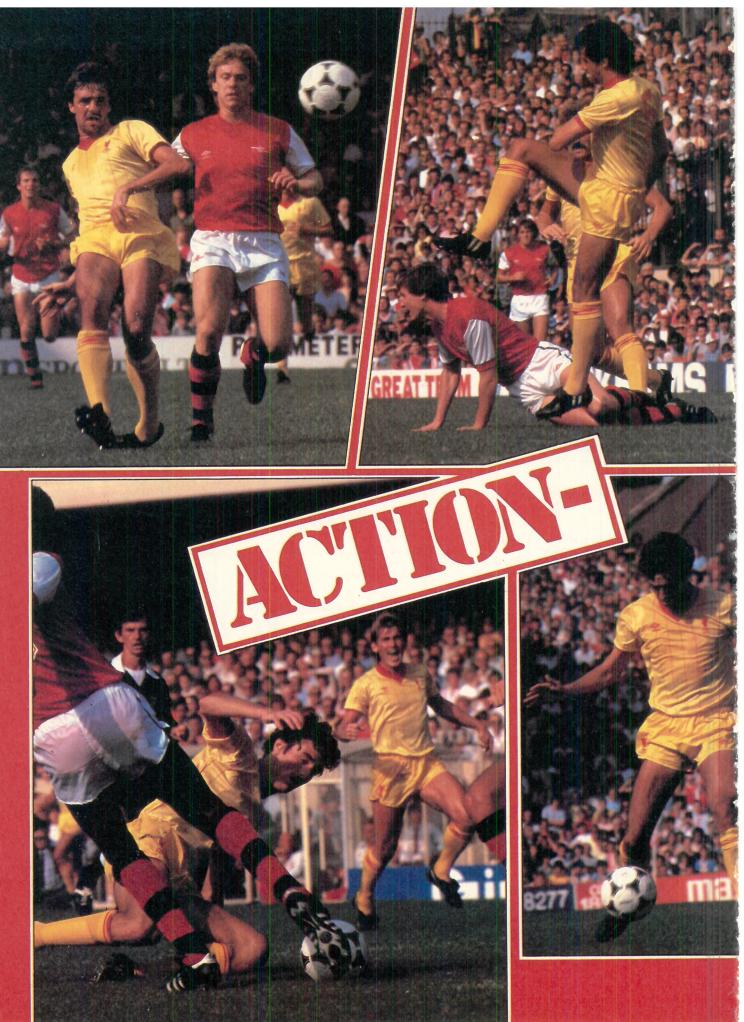
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### QUIZ ANSWERS from Page 120

- Gordon Smith played for Rangers in the Scottish League Cup Final and for Brighton in the FA Cup Final.
- Pat Jennings of Arsenal and Northern Ireland.
- 3. Sammy Lee (Liverpool) and Mark Chamberlain (Stoke City).
- 4. Ian Rush (Liverpool) scored four against Everton and then three against Coventry.
- 5. 29 was Charlie's tally.
- Kevin Bremner found the net against Reading while playing for Wrexham,

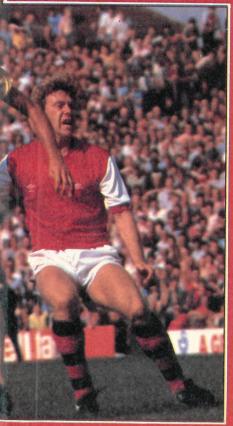
- Plymouth and Millwall. In each case he was on loan from Colchester.
- 7. Glenn Keeley was on loan from Blackburn Rovers to Everton.
- Emlyn Hughes joined Hull City after being sacked as Rotherham's player/ manager.
- They also won the Scottish Cup, becoming the first British club to win a European trophy and a domestic cup in the same season.
- 10. Arsenal and Burnley.

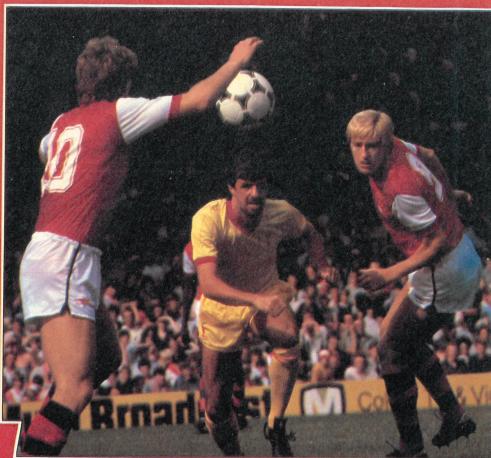
- 11. Roma
- Liverpool boss Bob Paisley was the first manager to be presented with the trophy.
- 13. Blackpool.
- 14. Mike Bailey.
- 15. Ian Stewart (Q.P.R.).
- 16. Kenny Dalglish (Liverpool).
- 17. Tommy Tynan (Newport) with 31 goals.18. Kevin Dillon (Birmingham City).
- 19. Pat Stanton (Hibs).
- 20. Red Star Belgrade.

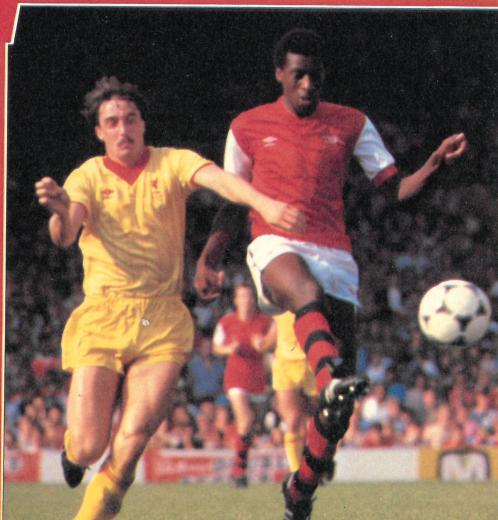




THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME







# The Topical Times

**BOOK 1984** 

